

MAY 29, 1978

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

ДЛЯ ЗАЩИТЫ  
СОЦИАЛИСТИЧЕСКОЙ  
СИСТЕМЫ  
ГЛАВНОЕ С  
СИСТЕМЫ КУЛТУРЫ  
СИСТЕМЫ ИСТОРИЧЕСКОГО  
ПОДРОБНОГО КЛЮЧА

ПОВОРОТЫ ЧЕЛОВЕЧЕСТВА  
ОТ КОММУНИЗМА К СОЦИАЛИЗМУ!



## Heating up the Cold War



BERTHA



(Inset)—The first Sverdov distillery was erected that year near the famous iron bridge in Moscow.

(Four Russian Eagles)—These were awarded as the government's highest citation to the Smirnoff family as the sole purveyors of vodka to the Czar of Russia.

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Russian Imperial Court)  
—Czar Alexander III  
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family in 1896 in  
appreciation for their  
superior service.

(No. 21)—One of the original formulas brought out of Russia by Vasilijev Strunnoff in his escape to the West following the Russian Revolution in 1917.

# History in a bottle.

**Maclean's**

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**The Gathering Storm** It may sound like the bad old Red Menace/Cold War/iron Curtain days, but the facts in the Soviets are building up the most incredible war machine in all of history. Page 22

Page 22 of a PDF version of my answer Page 20



**Poison wind for Jamaica.** Unemployment is still unspeakable; violence is endemic, and the future bleak but for a few magic moments, no a neggus beat Jamaica into a new life sense of one another. —Page 26



**Open Road** It's much like one of those literary Alpine states: that's because the saga of the Kuehne brothers from unclaimed store to Canada's biggest automotive emporium continues.

you a look at what's been done by the year  
you will be ready. **Page 63**



**From Hyde Park Corner to central offices:** the upward rise of *esekuk*. In the age of phone-in democracy and Internet Communication, every man has the constitutional right to be a crackpot.



# Interview

With James Herriot

The logical place for let me tell you whose life and book has been at or near the top of the *Medical* and *New York Times* best-seller lists for more than seven months is certainly indicated at a hospital tea having chilled champagne glasses in hand. Or maybe it's the dotted curtains this author, Sir James Herriot, has drawn, reclining also a Rolls-Royce Cloud and holding for a visitor St. Tropes' inflated vacuous alien never 61-year-old James Herriot—whose six delightful books in *Replies* and there in North America *Animals Great and Small*, *All Things Bright and Beautiful*, *All Things Wise and Wonderful* have sold more than 15 million copies—sitting wide deep in his armchair with his arms manured elbow-deep inside a cotelyard cart horse.

The soft-spoken Englishman is a veterinary surgeon named Alfred Wright who wrote under the *Herriot pseudonym* (he picked the name of a British football player) for fear the size of his real name would soundlike advertising and sour the wrath of his professional colleagues. Despite that via stamping incisive everyone in the hilly Yorkshire countryside of North England where he lives knows the author as a real-world animal doctor, and when the *husbands* of his books visited the two- and four-legged denizens he's associations over the past 40 years have run on both sides of the Atlantic and are even transposed into Japanese. Yorkshire farmers don't express easily, however, and they still often have a bit of the country's leg-hair left. And he'll still come, black bag in hand, as he always has.

At *Newsweek's* London correspondent Alvaro Gosselaar invited to Wetherby Heights country to meet the best-selling vet who has recently become the subject of a new BBC TV series about his early life that will soon be seen in North America. Between house-calls on sheepish rural patients and puffed, bathed by worms, Herriot talked about how he unexpectedly became rich and famous after reaching 50 years of age.



I sometimes type in front of the TV. No one but my wife realized I was writing a book.

*Never out of discerning animals?*

**Herriot** Like most young people I was very vague about what I wanted to do. My parents both were musicians and they start me with piano lessons. I didn't show any great promise there although I still love to play the piano whenever I have a free minute. I decided on being a vet when I was 16. I wanted to travel the world, and I had read the *Medical Register* and come across an article in there. The writer was talking about having a pet and a pair of bits me—I suddenly felt golly, what I want to do.

*Blameless! Are you a vet who just happens to write, or a writer who dabbles in veterinary medicine?*

**Herriot** I'm 99 percent veterinarian. It would be very nice if I could devote more hours to my writing, but then, my animals

would be neglected and that wouldn't be right. You either pack your practice in altogether, or do your animal decisions work properly. I'm at this animal business almost seven days a week. In the first 30 years of my practice I was on call all the time, but now I take every second weekend off. I'm a cover doctor really. Actually on a country practice like ours—it's on business with several old friends and my son—we deal in all sorts of animals, but I do cows mostly.

*MacLeans:* Why offer a *memoir* for 23 years if you had already put out the *greatest* and then *written*?

**Herriot** That's a very tough question to answer. Until the last few years I'd say I had a fairly healthy practice, but around 1980, I had a few silent days, so they used to tell me that I was good at what we called "compartment"—writing essays. But I must have been laying down my younger years because I never even hesitated to say and write a short story later on thought, I began to look about writing a book. Making a few pounds extra income was part of it, but what I really wanted to do was put down on paper something of Yorkshire life

that was almost gone—the old black magpies of veterinary practice. Is the dogs before antibiotics straits and all the modern drugs, being a vet was not like being a wish. Farmers would stock an entire farm the backbone of a walk around hoping no cases, and vice versa would be labelled a minor worker because he'd done some pull starts, and the animal world just get better. There were so many laughs in all of this, so many ticklers in details so many strange activities that I really wanted to put them all down on paper.

*MacLeans:* Your wife, Jane, I understand had a lot to do with persuading you to do your first book.

**Herriot** I kept talking about how I was going to write her book about the old days of veterinary medicine. One day I said I had my wife giggling over something that had happened to her. But when I told her, "I'll put that in my book one day," she challenged me: "You know?" she said. "You're never going to write that book." I was startled and I responded, "What makes you say that?" She answered with complete feminine logic, "Well, someone who's 30 years old and has never written a line isn't going to start writing a book at that age." Now, that was a challenge. I needed that kick in the tail!

*MacLeans:* Now, did your first sale come other?

**Herriot** I had a typewriter and I bought a ream of paper. I sat down and started typing—a little bit one day, a little bit the next, in short, in fits and starts, never more than an hour at a time. There are about 200 weeks that I was busy taking care of animals that I never put into the typewriter. It took me 18 months. I knew I had a book. My first choice as a potential publisher was the London company Michael Joseph, who had done a whole series of books called *Diaries at the House* which were very successful in Britain. I thought a book about a vet would fit right into their publishing philosophy. But a friend told me not to send it to the Joseph company and suggested another firm instead. The manuscript stayed with the other publisher for 18 months and to this day I don't know whether they spent any time reading it. Finally the book came back. I became quite an expert in recognizing the terms he'd stamp a book-length manuscript: stakes when it comes through the letter slot in one's front door. So I threw the book in a drawer and it sat there for three or four days of Jesus had a lamb and a site it out and die something like that. I took it to a literary agent. When a week or two passed without a letter saying, "We liked it but..." more seriously and that I'd have no trouble getting it published. When I finally got a response in London I asked him which publisher he had the book to. He told me Michael Joseph. I said, "I guess 18 months."

*MacLeans:* How do you conduct your own life as an animal doctor with that of creative writing?

**Herriot** I still regard myself as a veter-

inarian who scribbles in his spare time. Maybe I'm crazy, but I just want to go on visiting and raising, eat a hook now and again. My stories profit reflect the sort of activities that country vets are doing all over Britain. When I first started writing I had to use certain beast fat, balanced sentences like something out of *Mausoleum's* *Diaries*. But I soon realized that the language of the field of medicine is a jargon of its own, and that's what I wrote. I would tell the story of Town in a country job. I didn't have a very vivid imagination. I did feel bad, but there's something about conversation which I do remember. I can remember things that were said verbatim from my earliest days in a young vet. I didn't know anything about it, but I had a dog, keeping a diary about it, I had. And now I keep a pad in my car and even a Dictaphone and I speak into that when I remember something that will make a particularly good book for a chapter. Then I type it out and store it away for use in a future book. I've got about 600 of these chapters now. There are about 200 or 30 chapters in each book so you could say I've got a few books left in me yet.

*MacLeans:* Once these first impressions are down, is the book dead?

**Herriot** I can't understand any writer who says putting a book together is easy. There's nothing who say they've written a book in a fortnight that the words just fall out of them. It's not that easy for me. I need to do it in hard work. Of course, my big problem with this is that I suddenly start writing and after I've put in a long hard day at a vet. A lot of time I work on the

Even though the tax folk take 83% of what I earn, I'll continue to stay in Yorkshire.



typewriter in front of the TV set of night. When I was doing my first book, I didn't think anybody in the household except myself realized that I was writing a book. I just sat there typing away in front of the TV in the hours of my family, and I think the dogs thought I was doing my correspondence. The best days are those when I have the whole day off and can do nothing but sit on my terrace deck. I go to a barbershop and have a shave. I've been thinking how much I can do when I'm finished. I wonder how many books I could have written if I'd been able to devote every moment to them.

*MacLeans:* Your first book was a modest success in Britain, but the publication in North America of your first two books paralleled at one volume called *All Creatures Great and Small* (now in its tenth edition). Why your success on the other side of the Atlantic?

**Herriot** I owe almost all my success to my American publisher, Tom McCormick. He spotted something in my books that would appeal to the US. I really couldn't see it myself. Why should sophisticated North Americans be interested in the doings of an elderly Yorkshire vet before World War II? I still really can't conceive of why they find such success over there. When I try to analyse it I come up with the conclusion that North Americans are even bigger animal lovers than the British. And if people are paying a bit back and tired of the pornography that's being published there as well. I think the success of my books may be a feedback against some writers who are trying to be serious, to be sex, to find new audiences to write for.

*MacLeans:* Like many other authors you have always come from book poor money. As a boy, you grew up near the Yorkshire moors in Threlkeld, Cumbria. Are you still there?

**Herriot** I enjoyed the touring immensely. But it is an exhausting business, particularly the first time when I was in my mid-fifties and alone. The second time I took

my wife and that was much better. I've been on so many TV shows I can't even remember which ones. Last I might have been *Johnny Carson*, but it might have been *Mike Douglas*. I remember being on that morning TV show with that lady newscaster—Barbara-Who's-Name? She had a dog that was nipping at her and she kept yelling over to me because he was that I was a vulture and ought to do something to calm the animal down.

**MacLean's:** Richard Llewellyn, a New



York Sunday Times book reviewer recently wrote rather caustically that your last book "showed signs of writing that seemed like it came from someone like *Star Trek* plus."

**Llewellyn:** Professional critics have always tended to be nice but in my conversations about my books they regard me the same way that anyone film critics look at someone by Disney. They acknowledge that my stuff stinks, but manage to imply that it's all rather lightweight, not too serious or too cerebral. I agree with them actually. It's only the Americans who seem to get very interested about my writing. They read me in all kinds of weighty, bananagrams, socio-political magazines. It amazes me, not something I can't see. Not many of the *flagships* around here can see any of that in my books either. A local farmer once told me, "You books are about us, the Yorkshire duffers for nothing!"

**MacLean's:** You're done a book in Great Britain now which *The Sunday Telegraph* in the U.K. has compared to some broadcasting volumes. What's next?

**Llewellyn:** My publishers ideally would like to produce a book a year. The last one took 18 months. If it's not me that my books will ever be published again, I'd thought about doing a novel and that doesn't appeal to me. Soon, too, could be the subject of a possible book. In time I know I'm going to have to take a crack at something different.

**MacLean's:** When I first called you for this interview, you said you were discouraged in our telling us you were trying desperately to cut down on the demands on your time being made by your fans and the press. Was it been a struggle?

**Llewellyn:** I really don't like fame. Books don't give me any kick at all. I've met a lot of glamorous and interesting people in the literary world and also in the world of show business. It's nice to meet these people, to be friendly with them, but that's

men and so on, but it's no good—if I can't understand it I save it out of it.

**MacLean's:** The BBC-TV series *All Creatures Great and Small* has been a great success. NB: even *better ratings* than the Mapperton television channel! It's been sold to other U.S. networks too. Does the TV people capture in pictures what you were saying in sayings-plus?

**Llewellyn:** I've read all the scripts and it's going to be an excellent series. In fact the BBC has told me they are already planning to do another 13 stories after those first 13 have been completed.

**MacLean's:** Will your readers discover one day that you've become a cult reader and moved off to the Rivers of Succorland or some isolated backwoods to write around your world?

**Llewellyn:** Oh no. Her Majesty's tax collectors can have the money. There are so many things here in Yorkshire—sovereign, castle, towns, nigh. They may be small, but they make up a big part of a man's life. When I travel, and I've travelled in many parts of the world, I bring everything I've seen. I still want to come back to Yorkshire. The values of the people here are different. I like living around my own folk. Today's farmers may be somewhat different than those I grew up with. They're more educated, more sophisticated and making their way in a highly competitive industry. We may not get so many of the lovely old characters that we used to meet before. But the Yorkshire Dales are just the same as they were thousands and thousands of years ago and I love them too much to ever leave them.

**MacLean's:** The American public—What's the home line on all of that?—spells to me. What's the best book line?—in your life as both a man and an author?

**Llewellyn:** I've been very lucky. I've been invited to travel the world over in other people's expense and I refuse dues. Because the only job I'm really happy at is writing. We've all live a milestones globe, most of which I've liked. But the longest I've been away from Yorkshire was three weeks in America for my publishers. I used to be a poverty-stricken country vet. Now with all the extra pressures the books have produced, life's closed in on me somewhat. I've been under terrible pressure from accountants to step off and live abroad like most best-selling authors. But I think most of them authors are not very happy people. I'll stay here in Yorkshire with the 17 percent that the tax folk leave me. That's what the government takes you know—32 per cent of what I earn. These are the people when I first came to live outside more than 30 years ago who thought I was a bit of a fool. I've been regularly offered an attractive offer. As far as I was concerned I was a genius. One or two threatened to set their dogs on me if I got a foot inside their gates. I wondered then what they would think of me in 30 years. Well, as it has turned out, very much the same.

Hoping to cure a sick animal in the old days, farmers would stick an onion up its backside.

go into their world. It's not my world. I've stayed put very rapidly right here in Yorkshire. I'm naturally a quiet sort of chap and it's a bit of a romance when people and I at the surgery just to shake hands. They're well intentioned people and they are paying me a compliment. But I mean two dogs and 16 visitors in my surgery the other day. I have to be updy and face the other wall, but I have to meet that it's a quick "Hello and goodbye" and you let it interfere with the work that's gotta be done. The mail is terrible. I just couldn't believe it when the *sunshine* first started. I used to answer every one. I did that now it would be a full-time occupation. And I wouldn't have the time to be a writer to write any more books. The letters are very touching word and I do read them all. Some of course just tell you do know me. I've never had a sooner or later you have to help help. I've never had a fan answer for most of them such inane types as "I'm the with no agent to handle the business side of my affairs. I'm no good at all that I've had lots of clever people advising me on that, that and the other with invent-



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# Letters

## Not the singer, but the song

I disagree with Tom Hopkins' attitude toward Gordon Lightfoot in his article, "Gordon's Song" (May 1). Instead of risking Lightfoot over the coals, he should have pointed out what the music is saying.

JUDITH ANN CLEMONS TORONTO

### The pill and its woes

Your article on the perils of the pill, & *Akusing and a Cross* (April 17), was electrifying.

SUE WHITNEY GEORGE B.C.

Now that you have framed the perils of the pill, I suggest you follow this article by one on the perils of pregnancy—the perils of over-capitalism and the perils of overpopulation.

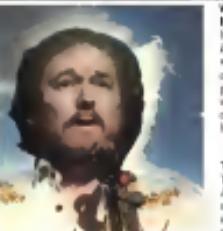
MARIAH O'HALLAN NEW BRUNSWICK, N.B.

Put the women for whom "the pill is still the best answer there." It isn't. Natural family planning—not to be confused with the absolute calendar rhythm method—is the best answer. It requires of a woman only self-knowledge, self-respect and self-control, qualities which are truly lacking in our patriotic liberated women of the '70s.

BERNADETTE ROSENTHAL  
BROOK JONES S.B.

### The last angry era

I object to the way you let Robert Lewis attempt to do an Erma Bombeck in the article, "Nobody Leaves Any More" (April 17). A quick survey of Mackay's record in Ottawa speaks for itself. He is responsible for bringing no light, scandalous accusations relating to the Lieutenant-Postage Authority (1974), Skypower and Senator Louis Giuglio (1975). Art Canada (1976) Statistics



Lightfoot (on cover), say it with music

Canada (1976), Broadcast Author (1976-77) are (1974-75), Leo Canada (1976), Anti-Dumping master (1977) the Warren Hart affair (1978) and the previous role of the senior and its amateur political masters (Goyer, Allard, Pov Blas). In each of the reported situations Mackay's credulity and honesty were completely unacceptable. His link and open posture with the Canadian people and the House of Commons is seriously worthy of his praise since the secret and irresponsible conduct of the majority of Trudeau's cabinet. When we are faced with a series of calamitous never-solved cases, I would suggest that Mackay's name and probing questions on the free press have been unfairly condemned. Possibly it is naive. Erna Mackay would remain a healthier, more honest and responsive political voice in Ottawa.

F. K. YOUNG TORONTO

### We were, like, just doing our thing...

I greatly enjoyed your article on campus language usage, *How to Talk Shop and Influence People* (April 17). It was well written and I have reread it more than once. I find it refreshing to see a little one publication actually analysing something which affects us all in one form or another—use of language in relation to both form and content.

ROBERT JOHN LUTHERMAN TORONTO

### The right to try and the right to die

The right to try and the right to die. The story in *Right* (May 1), about the Canadian Human Rights Commission states that Gordon Fairweather is trying to help some women fight deportation to Canada. This is not correct. Fairweather is trying to establish the commission's right to receive and investigate the women's complaints of discrimination. The nature of employment and immigration has denied that the commission has this right. Until investigations are allowed, the commission cannot, and has not decided that the deportations are discriminatory.

RUSSELL JULIENNE LEGAL COUNSEL  
CANADIAN HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION  
OTTAWA

### The environmentalists

Challenged is the only word to describe my feelings after reading your article on dog fighting. By the time I got home I had a gun and sold my bull terrier for a number of years for pit and show. I am against fighting them. As a result of your article, which so unfairly labels me as a dog-fighter, I have been fearing threatening phone calls which have placed my health and my life in jeopardy.

WILLIAM FRANCIS VANCOUVER

### Are those weren't the days

Barbara Amiel's profile of Margaret Trudeau, *Swinging on a Star* (April 20)—although excellent in its analysis of Margaret—goes the way of many articles written in the 1970s, by becoming involved in "Whoring." Amiel uses the overly simplistic statement, "she charged-charged-like sprit of the States," to describe that period of time. Many of the movements during that decade had definite aims and

definite goals, and they were pursued.

*Barbarian There Is Such a Thing as a Bad Day* (April 11). Much of the reporting on the Inquiries in that country is done with great enthusiasm. Open nests range from locking the children up and throwing away the key, to demanding that all the children repeat a 6 long and 1 letter. It is令人可怕的 to read an article which presents the problem and the difficulties involved in a realistic manner. Hopefully it will lead to a clearer understanding of some of the issues being faced in dealing with juvenile delinquency.

W.D. GRETCHEN DIRECTOR  
SPECIAL PROTECTION SERVICES  
HALIFAX

Rushing away from home, promiscuity, and truancy can be compared to swimming, coughing and menstrual bleeding. They are signs of part and symptoms of poor health. Being on the hooker and dancing lessons and clean up the regulations regarding who will care for juvenile delinquents. Spare the rod and spare the child.

MAUREEN TOME CO-DIRECTOR  
TOAD HALL FOR BOYS MONTREAL, QUEBEC

### The Quiet Revolution?

Morne Rivoire's column in the article, *The Pill's of Academia* (April 3), that Canadian campuses reflect "The Pill's of our times" is ridiculous. Apparently students



Trudeau, you can't tarry with flowers



## A waterfront community of casual elegance.

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have to stage violent confrontations, not orderly meetings, to be deemed activism.

MURRAY MACBAIN, TORONTO

#### Too little, too seldom:

As I sit in an Air Canada flight, I am interested at reading the column of D. J. McLachlan, vice-president of public affairs for Air Canada (Letters, April 13). He speaks of the cheap Nightflight service across Canada which has been advertised forever and ever. My inquiries prove this service does not exist until June 16 and ends in September. So much advertising for so short a service seems to me to be

more of an insult than is the cheap fare a benefit.

GINA TOUCHE, CALGARY

#### Carved in stone:

I hope this is born among a sombre family exposing deepest with Alter Fotheringham's poignant smile against the game of cards in *If These People Must Get Their Rocks Off*. (April 2)

DON TOLIVER, REGINA

I would like to express my heartfelt thanks that someone else was carling us something other than the bungling of every Ca-

nadian. As president of a college fraternity I have had the opportunity to observe many of my mates, clad in tight T-shirts and pasted blocks, slide about on a sheet of ice and do something called curling. Fotheringham's column most seriously let the and on the head.

D. G. TELL, DR., WINNIPEG

#### The one who likes the bunglers:

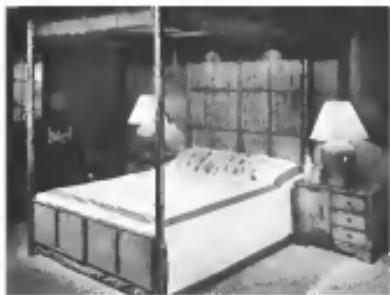
Thank you for your interview with the prime minister (April 30). You state that "his answers were succinct and his grasp of detail far from complete on the subject of the economy." On the contrary, I feel it was the understanding of his answers that was far from complete.

E. R. CLARK, BRAMPTON, ONT

#### The beauty that is Rome:

In your interview with Mel Brooks (April 17), Philley Fleischman states that we do not have Rome beautified Canada. That is not

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ians. The Roma Beauty is indeed a Canadian apple, or, at least, a Nova Scotia one.

CHARLES HAMILTON, DORSET, NS

#### Fighting the Red Menace:

First year illustration of the atomic bomb exploding over Toronto in "Blue Jays Come Lament Not to Low, Sir Atom" (April 17) is one of the more bizarre techniques used by the press which cause cold shivers with emotion and fear on the nuclear weapons issue. The atomic bomb is a tactical handheld weapon which could dem or spell survival for Western Europe against a Soviet invasion.

GLEN NAYLLE, WINNIPEG, MAN

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## VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

# Of course it's impossible to define 'Canadian' but does it really matter?

Column by Alden Nowlan

A Canadian I was born and a Canadian I'll die. That isn't an old-fashioned boast. Nor is it a sentimental view. It's simply an acknowledgement that this country is legacy and geography—the collective equivalent of the individual's heredity and environment—have shaped my heart and mind in certain ways and that it's in me to live for life to change. Quebec may opt for independence.

English-speaking Canada given its many dialectical and speech patterns, may therefore disintegrate. One by one or altogether, the fragments may be annexed to the United States. I may go west and end my days as an American citizen, but until the moment when the last post-local member of my generation breathes his last, there will be a Canada.

Given a choice, we might have been something else. I know elderly Canadians who still defiantly describe themselves as sons of one land and another as British subjects and refer to Britain as the Old Country. These are others who would prefer to be Americans and still others including numerous editorial writers, columnists, commentators and members of Parliament, who have been so overwhelmed by American magnificence and innocence that they feel we've already part of the United States. (Witness our new gun laws.)

Had God asked me where I wished to be born and grow up, I might very well have answered, "Ireland." These were Nowlan in County Westmeath for a thousand years before there were Nowlan in Nova Scotia. More to the point, being an Irishman doesn't mean such nationalism of the soul. An Irishman—any European—finds that the myths are agreed upon and the great questions already formulated. A Canadian is like a drowsy in the earliest phase of the delirious 19th century, during which the authors may find fault in a condition between sleep and wakefulness, drowsily and maddeningly grasping with the promise of many options and possibilities in a wide-open 19th century. He called the question of the National Identity.

Had God gone a step further and invited me to convert a country for myself, I'd probably have amalgamated the Adams pos-

tives and the New England states in many ways as a Massachusetts. I'd even be basic with New Englanders than with Upper-Canadians. If the dust of history had fallen a little differently—if, for instance, the War of 1812 had lasted longer and New England had carried its threat to secede from the Union—there would exist today such a North Atlantic Nation, perhaps a greater Scandinavia in the New World.

Daydreams. Farce games. Like specula-

tion about what might have happened



afterward if Montreal had won. Is this real world? I'm a Canadian as unscrupulous as I'm the product of a certain combination of genes and a particular period in history. Being a Canadian has made me a different person for having been too young to be a Flower Child. There must be millions like me, English-speaking men and women who are Canadian because they can't help it, or, in other words, Canadian is the same sense that Mr. Livermore boasts of being Quebeck.

Thousands, from the point of view of

continual employment, equal in intensity to being part of a crowd where everyone has joined hands and are singing bonnie or maddish songs about where they've come from and where they hope to go together.

The Prime Minister has said that if Quebec becomes independent it will be a crime against humanity. Well, it will certainly be dismal inconvenience if a lot of us end, in my experience, human beings generally are arrived here by inconveniences that

by others against humanity.

The United States goes out of

Vietnam because the war has become an unbearable invasion.

Everyone from the anarchist George Woodcock (Maclean's Dec. 26, 1977) to the patrician Peter Lougheed sees the answer to decentralization. Mr. Woodcock's ideal Canada would presumably be an association of more or less self-governing entities each with a few thousand citizens. Based on my intuitive knowledge of economic and Canadian constitutionalism, I'd say that were some which of they possessed freedom from outside interference, would first of all set up a whipping post for nonconformists. Mr. Lougheed, however, says that Alberta exercises at least the same degree of state sovereignty as existed in the United States until Franklin Roosevelt's bloodless coup d'etat.

Left entirely to its own devices, Atlantic Canada might very easily come to resemble the Republic of Ireland in it was between the First and Second World Wars. Politically leaderless, economically desperate and intellectually inert.

I'd expect an independent Alberta to combine the worst qualities of Texas, Utah and Abu Dhabi.

As for joining the States, my guess is that the politicians in Washington would respond with handsets rather than housewives. Why should they risk holding a massive unknown amount of power and influence over the rest of the country? And at the same time, added a blow of new voices—utterly ridiculous to hold the balance of power in a presidential election?

From Alden Nowlan, a twice-best Selected Poet

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# Preview

## Gzowski: Off to find the simple life

"This is the third time I've played this passing game," barked 90 Minutes Live executive producer Alex Fraise refusing to contribute the name, former or star of son-of-90-Minutes-Live auteur Peter ("I'm not an amateur cr") Gzowski. Among the whistled hoots and catcalls,

Gzowski and his wife Karen Klein, say goodbye Peter



**Edies** Paul Seely, David Sennberg, Patrick Wilson and Max Ferguson. No help is forthcoming from the man who owned it all. Gzowski has cheerfully cleared out his downtown Toronto apartment ready to adopt the pastoral life in his house near Rockwood, west of Toronto. He's working on a book and has agreed to host both the Canada Day festivities from Ottawa and the Winnipeg Folk Festival in July. About his replacement Gzowski is silent, except to let slip that in one of the auditions he would-be-best abandoned his interview subject to give a reading from the *Protocol of the Elders of Zion*. Let's hope that one didn't make the final.

### Publisher hooks crook's book

The last time Canada had anything to do with 43-year-old French hood Jacques Monnet was when he busted out of a Montreal jail in 1973, allegedly killing two Quebec game warden who got in his way. He surfaced again a year later in France where he pulled a series of bank holdups, was arrested, es-

caped, was caught and broke out of a Paris jail again on May 11 of this year. Between escapes he was working on his autobiography, coyly titled *Coupeable d'love inconnue (Quality of Being Innocent)*. It has been picked up by Alain Stanké, savvy owner of the Montreal-based publishing firm, Editions Internationales, who will release 25,000 copies of the book in France on June 15. (He's not certain when it will appear in North America.) Stanké had originally scheduled the book for fall release, but when his client escaped... hell, it was as good as the Canadian shore!

### Haute-boogie



Rachel Zylstra  
Regine: guardian of chic

recently, undulations were uttered at the possibility that Margaret and Pauline would show up at the opening. Regine seemed delighted at the idea of having the two of them under her roof. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," she breathed, ever the dyemom, "if I could get them together again."



### Apocalypse now

Looking for a little gift for that rusty political economist in your life? How about *Survivalism Canada*, a shoestring business run by Steve Newbury, a former U.S. Navy nuclear submarine officer, out of his home in Etobicoke, Nova Scotia. The political satirist runs mock the players in Quebec's long-reigning premier of the day, René Lévesque, who tame one another energy shortages, spot elections and even-

ployment on a board representing a map of Canada. It's a combination of political and economic strategy, says Newbury. "I told people they have to form a political association or a separate town. But 40 per cent of the test games we've run have won by Quebec. That usually happens when the other provinces won't co-operate. From the mouths of bitches and Americans."

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Montreal: killing time

# Canada

## The RCMP: getting at their dirty tricks



Commissioners Richard McDonald and Gilbert de Boisblanc whitewash or slice a deal?



examined firebreaks—had opened suspicious entries, "smugglers," of course—a sad and seedy Parti Québécois membership list—and the paper that started all the 1972 break-ins at Agence de Pêches et Océans, Québec et Montréal. So the inquiry had only just begun when it got into what was perhaps its most explosive—and grisly—the Quebec independence movement. The Montreal claim was that Operation Blame, whose target was the GRC membership rolls, was converted to de-touristize魁北克的反殖民地激进组织.

Commissioner the privileged task which runs the country from Ottawa's élite-shaded Rockcliffe village will welcome a new family—the David McDonalds of Edmonton. Over the past 10 months the inquiry into alleged RCMP Security Service and organized crime, Quebecois nationalism, terrorism, Communism, Chretien McDonald's new ways of doing business for his health. He served as full-time capital rounds seems only fitting, since, after a rocky start, the commission will be handing out its accolades as one of the town's emerging institutions. Commission critics, which are legion inside government, insist that the inquiry is, in fact, so entrenched that it will be years before it reaches any conclusions.

The criticism is a natural facet of the bleak months of early winter when the three-man inquiry was discussed as a Liberal-leaning white-wash. McDonald concedes that the hypothesis was "not running your arm around a sauna wall—it was about that." But he adds, "I got over that."

What the commission has yet to get over is the Yves-Réjean flood of severe, serious, coded instructions and policy papers produced by the new bodies the inquiry—ironically, many of them bearing the stamp: WARNING: YOUR TELEPHONE IS NOT SECURE...NOT TO BE DISCUSSED OUTSIDE THE TALKING ROOM. After 56 days of hearings (45 of them in public) the commissioners

wish to know who gave the orders and turns to those recent folk who gave the orders and set the policies: the director, the RCMP commissioner and the solicitor-general—the ultimate political boss of the shop.

The parallel Quebec government inquiry under Jean Rémillard, which has already more advanced than McDonald, was shut down February 21 by the Quebec Court of Appeal which ruled with Ottawa and held that Rémillard wanted federal authority by demanding a share of national security documents. A hearing of Rémillard's appeal stood in the Supreme Court of Canada May 23. The supervisor, said Pierre Trudeau's decision not to call a senator's election, shielded the spotlight back to McDonald.

Already the commission has produced a sketch of major themes that are bound to form the core of its eventual conclusions, among them:

\* Following orders. After the Trudeau government concluded in 1970 that it had been ill-prepared for the October Crisis, it was given a ready-to-strike down on Quebec terrorism. While the government refuses to release the orders, the commissioners contend that the instructions parallel almost any mission in the memory of successive RCMP directors of homicide, drug enforcement and general law enforcement. The Montreal claim is that Operation Blame, whose target was the GRC membership rolls, was converted to de-touristize魁北克的反殖民地激进组织.

contributed to the party. Trouble is, as no officers responsible testified, the raid and the results were useless.

\* Terrorism. Somewhere along the line the purpose of policy got out of hand. The as enfeebled genuine subversives with powerful anti-establishment elements like student groups, labor unions and other organizations such as the New Democrats and the PQ's Québecois. There reached a series of questionable, in some cases illegal, activities, mostly in Quebec, which they were designed to "decept" regarding sympathies. Manual prisoners, drug use and cancer officers were used to gain sympathetic views of the PQ. People would pull off stunts such as setting up amateur bands and bawling away for intermission in remote fields or woods—"ego definition" is one member of God said it to McDonald. Donald Cobb, the former in chief in Montreal, clarified: "We made them an offer they couldn't refuse."

In one such case, operations from G-6 under Cobb picked up a man in Montreal, drove him to a dirt road off the Montreal-Québec City highway, and迫使 him to co-operate during a session in the backseat of a car. At one point the man made an attempt to leave the car but Imp. Robert Blair grabbed his arm and locked the door. In another invasion an agent whacked a man off a north-south motel outside of Montreal where he was grilled for 15 hours until at one point he was made to stand facing the wall in a corner of the room. The man, testifying one to agents, was to cause "extreme suspicion."

\* Morale. The government's refusal to defer an inquiry issued until co-investigator Robert Sansouci bluffed out his partner in the Quebecois inquiry in 1976 for an unexplained bombing incident, and a series of other stipulations were made by the media and ex-assistant Donald McCleery in 1977. Thus the news ap-

pointed commissioners: Robert Sansouci virtually forced his lessors to produce the full story from the file, fat McDonald. The result was a major morale blow to the Sûreté. Practitioners of the shadow art were themselves disgraced by the media and forced, under threat of loss of employment, to abandon their actions. As Sgt. Paul Langlois, a member of the now-defunct G-Squad in Montreal, characterized the reaction: "I



## The men who knew too much

In its first 12 months, the McDonald Commission—the suspended Quebec inquiry under Jean Rémillard and various ministerial committees have provided an outline of RCMP Security Service operations during the early 1970s which appeared to breach the law. The chart below reflects the evidence so far on how far up the command chain knowledge of the incidents extended.

Incident	Date	Code	Who Knew
Mass meeting	1970-75	Cameron	Howard Draper, Murray Sackson, ex-assistant commissioners
Grilling G-6 sympathizers	1971-72	"Detractive tactics"	Inst. Donald Cobb Section G-4, Montreal
Taking G-6 communiqué	1971	"Detractive tactics"	Sgt.-Sgt. Don McCleery, G-4, Montreal
Bomb burning, dynamite theft	Spring, 1972	"Detractive tactics"	Cobb
Arto break-in	October 7, 1972	Breake	Draper and Director-General John Barnes
No membership lists removed	January 8, 1973	Haze	

During the small openings, directors-general were John Barnes and Michael Dane commissioners were John Higlett and Maurice Medon, solicitor-general were George Melville, Jean-Pierre Goyer and Alain Armand. For all other incidents the solicitor-general was Barnes. Except for Operation Haze (when Higlett was commissioner and Armand was a master), Higlett was in charge of the force and Goyer was minister during the other incident.

were told I participated in a kidnapping which was a criminal act. When that happened I feel very bad. I know as bad as my career."

The place [G-6] is a masterpiece. It's like a cathedral. It's a masterpiece of the federal government's lack of imagination."

\* Training. For the ex-cop former file, the 7,000-member G-6, training and qualification rates are relatively low. Most agents tend to ride only on occasional course—some of whom seem to improve his memory—and receive little fundamental grounding in the law. One agent told the inquiry that when he was promoted to officer, his major preparation was reading the index of the Criminal Code, a copy of which he had to buy for himself. It is little wonder that ex-agents rarely asked for legal opinions of their planned actions.

\* Disarmament. Charged with protecting the security of the nation, the G-6 operated with few specific guidelines from the government. "We were sent to living with ambiguity," insisted Donald Cobb, the most articulate defender of its tactics. He said that he believed in a "secret warfare" where the thought was to keep the secret to the death. As a consequence, he added, Sgt. Claude Brodeur of G-6 in an appearance before historians last fall, "I am accused of having sacrificed my family and a normal social life working without overtime for the silent majority against us. I plead guilty."

\* Demanding pay not only is as easy as it appears at first blush. Mad opening for



proof of various solicitors-general who were invited to general outlines. At one such meeting with the tsar on July 3, 1968, according to these files then-solicitor-general John Turner stated this situation: "Guardian, thank you for these very general discussions. No details on files were deserved with me."

The Trudeau government's policy, enumerated repeatedly by the prime minister in Ottawa or before knowning details of RCMP operations, this silence without a watching committee of parliamentarians or senior ministers has been a major part of the problem. The tsar is in effect making up his own rules as he pleases.

Lack of control control is not a unique experience in Canada or even the western democracies. When Pierre Trudeau was in the Soviet Union in 1971 one of Leonid Brezhnev's major concerns was that the Canadian prime minister would take on the role of the tsar. Brezhnev's major fear was that the tsar, who was now a mere 60-year-old ethere, would have to make him home. Paul Martin was appointed to the ruling Politburo in 1970 where the Soviet leader could keep a closer eye on the clandestine operations.

SOMER LUMPS

## B.C.

### The perils of Jack Davis

Back in 1956 British Columbia Premier W.A.C. Bennett's former private Robert Simmers was accused of smuggling timber, and eventually won the questionable distinction of becoming the first cabinet minister in the Commonwealth to be sent to prison. That his case depended on more than two men reflected Bennett's influence and over-hand of nature. His son, Premier Bill Bennett, likes to think of



Davis: the accusations still resurface

him as being tough and resolute. Thus within hours of his being informed that he has minister of energy, transport and communications. And Davis was under investigation by the tsar for fiscal and theft. Bennett announced to the B.C. legislature that he had insisted for Davis' resignation.

Despite much digging by the media it was three days before the nature of the accusations against Davis was revealed. The minister himself at last told a frustrated press corps that the investigation involved his family of executives from the American ticks to smoothening and the alleged transfer of the cash after Davis had his car parked. He insisted he had "broken no moral law, bent no rule of ethics, flouted no government regulation." His trial is set for June 26.

Jack Davis has had an unhappy political career. Tichener turned politician he might have been better advised never to attempt the transition. He has considerable academic qualifications: BSc in chemical engineering from the University of British Columbia, PhD from McGill for research in explosives, and a Rhodes Scholarship under which he earned a third degree in economics and political science. Yet his political approach when he was defence minister was to treat

any problem as though it were a congressional confrontation. When he was defeated in 1974 a fire representing B.C.'s Capilano riding for 12 years, for once the Liberal did not reward one of their faithful with a Senate seat or a fancy bureaucratic salary, and instead awarded plain seats on the shelf and daily Davis turns to the West Coast.

Davis' unpopularity with fellow politicians has continued. Bill Bennett was reported wishing that Davis had not joined the Social Credit party in 1975, but attempted to prevent his nomination failed and he was elected. The premier, who could scarcely ignore Davis' Ottawa experience and contacts, appeared him scathingly. Even worse, he has been a source of dislodging embarrassment for the Social government as once and again he threatened to hot-wire his colleagues by his own irresponsible outbursts, insensitivity and right-wing attitudes. Bennett has called for the prosecution of the tsar, who, despite his many heroic acts, has been widely, if not universally, an execrable minister. Opponents criss of especially David Berman to demand that Davis dismiss his beliefs, and to uncover conflicts-of-interest guidelines about the buying of family members. The Opposition then gleefully pointed out that Berman's own assistant in his son's husband's house. The premier instead reasonably enough, that it is not a close relationship either by blood or by marriage, but the accusations will make.

All in all, it was not surprising that Bennett's abrupt dismissal of Davis even before charges were laid struck many British Columbians as a political lynching. The Vancouver Province said "it almost seems as if the premier is trying to maximize Mr. Davis' public humiliation" because Davis had no opportunity to improve his reputation. Bennett and his team of researchers from Davis has not been named. Meanwhile, Davis continues to sit in the legislature as a back-bencher, probably fulfilling the obligation of suspicion and shame. MARK SLADEK

## QUEBEC

### Ghosts of October '70

While a horrified world watches the outbreaks of Italy's Red Brigades Quatelles have been witnessing the re-emergence of their own terrorist, the Front de Libération du Québec. Jean-Claude Milner, pen still exiled in Paris, has been carrying on a debate in the pages of *Le Réveil*, Louise Lévesque and Jacques Courcier-Tardieu on the one side, denouncing the errors of their ways and asking that they be allowed home. Jacques Lévesque is the one arguing that their acts were justified in the name of the poor. Gabriel Hudon, a member of the camp that may call that one of the few bonds in 1973 recently published a book on the birth of the FLQ. And Pierre Valente, the brain-knife of the Fel-

quier, has just published his second book since the election of the PQ, criticizing the government for its malice of the road states.

But the most striking sign of the resurgent Quebec's urban guerrillas is the campaign for the release of 600 PLQ members still in jail. With some 50,000 signatures the campaign has won a surprising string

of support, am well-known individuals such as comedian Yvon Deschamps and showman Gilles Vigneault, as also from the likes of poet-musician and Tory candidate André Piché.

Campagne, already claim considerable success. Since Rose-Rose—mother of Paul and Jacques Rose—organized the Comité d'opposition au loi pénal présumé principal two years ago, nine of the 14 detainees who were then in jail have been released on parole or at least are in halfway houses. (The five others are François St-Pierre, convicted for the robbery of LaSalle McDonald's in 1968; Pierre Paul Gauthier, sentenced to prison imprisonment in 1968 for his part in 10 break-ins in the Montreal area, and the Rose brother and Francis St-Onge, convicted for the kidnap-murder of Pierre Laporte during the October Crisis.)

Since the Plérin's were charged, trial

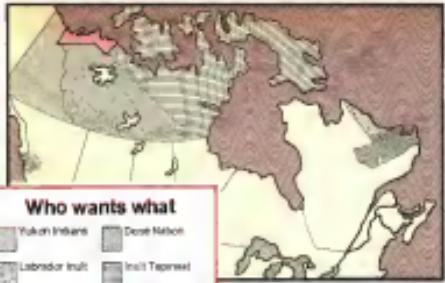
## Quebec



Paul Rose after guilty verdict and Rose Rose (with son Robert Lemire); will the PLQ terrorists make a comeback?

and convicted under common law. Amnesty International does not accept their claim. As states its, political prisoners. However, the communists argue that they have been the victims of special treatment that can only be explained by their political convictions. Some examples of bending law, custom and procedure have been presented. When the last group was arrested in 1980, they were held under habeas corpus for days, unable to contact family or lawyers. In 1971 Paul Rose was held in a shower of batons outside a flagrant according to communists legal adviser需德·蒂加斯说:“Paul





## Who wants what

Yukon Indians	Dene Nation
Labrador Inuit	Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami
Naskapi Montagnais	Cree-Dene People's Environment Council (CDPEC)
Maliseet Indians	

**MAP:** A similar split could occur in the Yukon Indians as they live in the northern Yukon and southern Mackenzie Valley. But unlike their northern brothers, they have diminished in numbers, primarily due to disease, hunting, trapping, and mining.

**GEORGE BRASHER:** "He's basically trying to scare us down."

Since 1970, native groups have received more than \$3.2 million from the government to research issues and prepare claims in Ottawa; there is concern that much of the money has gone down the drain or has led the public to high-profile legalistic communities. And in addition to the services we will pay because people think that the money can't be recovered once a settlement is reached after John

Cossa, the Liberal member of the Quebec National Assembly who negotiated the James Bay settlement, does not believe his team did a good job in holding up negotiations. The problem, he says, lies with the bureaucracy in Ottawa. "It's not just here in civil servants to negotiate a settlement," says Cossa. "It's a need sometimes to have heads break. I don't know if it's going to bring heads." He suggests that a single person should be given responsibility and authority for settling the claims as he was in the James Bay negotiations.

Regardless of where the blame lies, it is clear that the native people will never give up. For them, the lead claim offers new hope for self-respect and a way out of the welfare-sickled condition. But some native leaders seem unconcerned over the lack of progress. "We've already waited 100 years," says Noel Sterbinkski, president of the Northern Indian Brotherhood. "Why should we take a few million bucks now and suffer for the rest of our lives?" If the government does not give in to demands for self-determination, he says, the natives will resort to pressure. "We're learning how to play political games. I'm not afraid of a blockade for every white hog. There's an equal number of bleeding hearts. That's what depresses them."

JAN LUCAS HART

## A hairy star, a hairy affair

Listen to them—the children of the night. What noise they make! — Count Dracula

Who had not wretched in terror at the approach of vampires, werewolves or Frankenstein's amalgam of corrupt past? A theme that encourages suspension of disbelief, as audiences can readily accept such creatures as Abraham Van Helsing's vampire-catcher, Abraham Van Helsing's werewolf—where are such things?



**Angry "Sasquatch" comes for a treat**

Although both customarily lauded as the house lights illuminate crushed popcorn boxes and Pez cups, some children still fear the night person in daylight imagination just as Dracula has lived through the centuries. The most famous is the Loch Ness monster, which has never penetrated the Scottish consciousness from the aisle of tea and postcards. But the prime contender for Nessie's peerlessness is the Sasquatch, the star of a wondrously unbearable conference called Anthropology of the Unknown at the University of British Columbia earlier this month.

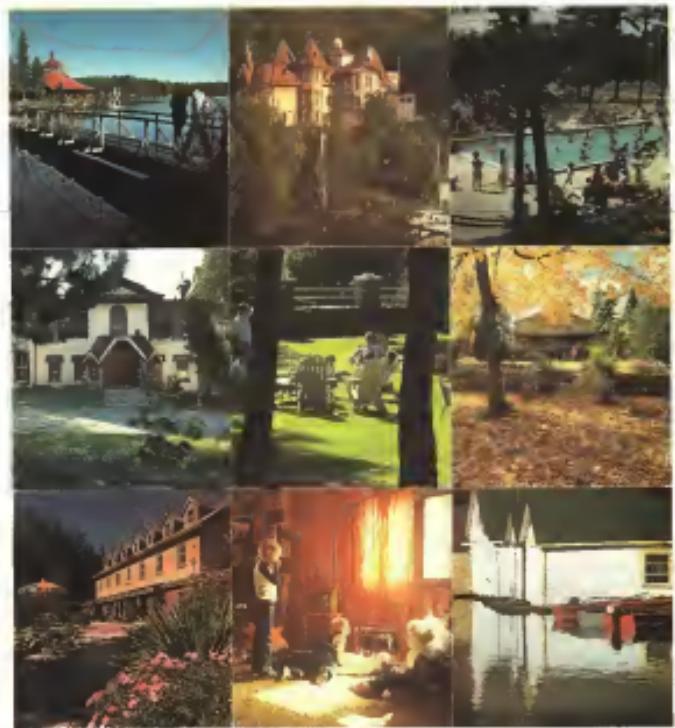
Swinging to and fro between solemnity and cabaret, 150 students and Sasquatch enthusiasts spent four days discussing what many believe is an eight-foot-tall, half-ton ape-person who eats people and wanders the Pacific Northwest on the 17-inch-long Other Canids' other voices—he brothers and sisters under all that hair are known in the

by her reservation that she cause the beast's disappearance," shared by both Anglophones and francophones, so it can "create national unity." The Sasquatch represents Canada's superlative, she said, because of this country's reputation for being unique and largely uncolonized.

In the past 200 years there have been some 150,000 reports of Sasquatch sightings or what may just look like that. But the Sasquatch already has turned out to be a costly accusation because it has turned out to be a threat to blood. A less-than-commanded University of Washington Professor Grover Krantz, Canadian John Green, himself not the least, ruling out traps and tranquilizers (not because of the Sasquatch's size), called on Sasquatch hunters to run out the rifles. Alberta zoologist James Baker reported: "Whenever I pull the trigger will be remembered in history along with John Wilkes Booth, Lee Harvey-Oswald and James Earl Ray."

Unless anyone could review this grand old ideological collogue about the man who killed the last deer, Harvard anthropologist Carleton Coon had the last word for him: sufficient proof of Sasquatch reality would be tooth analysis, a procedure that would not require killing or even capturing a Sasquatch because he said, "They must have been taught just like we do."

EDWARD WATKINS



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# The Gathering Storm

Russia is shifting the Balance of Terror

By William Lowther



It depends, of course, on which way the wind is blowing. But even looking on the bright side there will nearly two million Canadian citizens should the Soviet Union ever make a direct military strike against the United States. Only about 1,400 will be killed outright by blast along the border. The first wave of fallout will kill another 78,700 as it rolls north and there will be 1,288,100 badly injured. Many of them will die later.

These figures are optimistic estimates produced for an Analysis of Effects of Limited Nuclear Warfare by the U.S. Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations. Think about it for a minute. In a limited war with the wind blowing south, one in every 11 Canadian could be killed or injured. In a worst-case scenario with a stiff breeze driving the fallout on to Canada instead of away, half the population could be



lost in a day. It's the price we pay in might for a superpower.

There would be 15 minutes' notice in Vancouver. Eighteen minutes in Toronto. Perhaps 20 in Halifax. That's if the missiles were taking the polar route. If, as seems more likely, they were fired from submarines in the Pacific and North Atlantic there would be 10 minutes or less than five to 10 minutes warning for dryports.

State expert students of the buildup of armaments during the 1970s think it is a 50-50 chance that there will be a nuclear war before the end of this century. This is what Colonel Gerald Parham, one of the 40 Canadian Forces officers attached to Soviet Headquarters, has to say. "The Soviets are putting bigger and bolder every day. They are building the biggest military machine in history. There are two things that bother the hell out of me. The first is that the Soviets have never shied by any treaty that didn't satisfy them, and the second is that there has never been a military machine built that was not used—not ever. It has the sudden exception."

The colonel's opinion is as frightening as it is laudable. Although the world some can and should be cast in a more optimistic light, it would be no better than playing cards to dismiss the warning. Now, as Canada's modern general in Washington for a month, Soviet ambassador that may set the trough of nuclear peace for years to come, the time for balanced assessment and decision has arrived.

"To carry on war three things are necessary," said an adviser to Louis XIII of France. "Money, money, and yet more money." The advice of 1499 is now truer than ever. The world is spending more than \$1 billion a day on armaments. Within four hours of the time the reader passes this sentence, more money will have been spent on arms around the globe than the United Nations Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) gets to spend in a whole year. Within the same three to four days, more will have been spent on methods of destruction than the entire United Nations and all of its agencies—for food, health, environment, trade, employment, development and so forth.

And the cost of repairs for the war-torn areas on May 30 and 31 is to try to reimburse the Western world to spend even more. All of the other, Canada included, have already agreed to increase their military budgets by three per cent. But that's not enough to keep up with the Russians. In a conflict using nothing but conventional arms—that is to say no nuclear—the Warsaw Pact forces are now strong enough to knock the S.A. troops metal to keep them out of Western Europe. Should the Kremlin suddenly order a bombing

The Canadian embassy-asset (Imperial), part of the N.R.D. force, bring a Sea King helicopter to the Moscow airport and Soviet airborne-led missiles on display during last year's 60th anniversary parade in Moscow new carriers of war.



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there would be no way to stop it for days. At least half of West Germany would be lost.

The Washington summit will be dominated by the Americans. President Jimmy Carter is being guided by a supposedly conservative Foreign Affairs and Defense Secretary George P. Shultz, which made a mark. "The apparent balance of forces on the ground in Central Europe gives no cause for complacency. Our first task is to reinforce it."

Historical parallels might be drawn to the last '60s when the Cold War began. Prior to 1967, there was a welcome alliance between the United States and the Soviet

Union. The world was not then used, but it was a period of defense. By January, 1967 Moscow had forced its grip on the whole of Eastern Europe. In Churchill's phrase, unless "Curtain was rung down," from Russia to Trieste, "Commissars were on the move in Italy and Poland and the Western Allies remained neutral." That changed in December, when undersecretary of Defense Ashton Carter said, "the situation now, the possibility of a Soviet breakthrough [which] could open three routes to Soviet penetration." He denied the speech which became known as the Truman Doctrine, marking the beginning of the Soviet-American power contest, the Cold War.

Today, as in 1967, Moscow has Eastern Europe in an iron grip. Communism is strong in Italy and France. Turkey, respectful of Washington's pro-Czech client, is on the verge of pulling out of NATO. Moscow's Cuban proxies are day and night in Africa. The Russians themselves have a military position at the mouth of the Red Sea in South Yemen, and there is a base in Washington for a second "Truman Doctrine" to fight the spread of Soviet power.

For the last 30 years the Soviet Union has been modernizing and steadily increasing the size of its own forces and those of the Warsaw Pact nations. Over the next six years, U.S. analysts predict, the Soviet air force will grow from its present 4,200 planes to 10,000. For the last six the U.S.S.R. has built an average of three new fighter aircraft a day, 365 days a year. That's double U.S. production. And most significantly they have changed their emphasis recently from defense-type craft to attack planes. They are making increased numbers of MiG-21s (now code-named Flieger 10), MiG-23s (Flieger 11), Su-7s (Fencer), Su-17s (Fitter), and MiG-29s (Flieger 12). The Flieger and Fitter are capable of striking targets throughout European NATO countries from bases in the western U.S.S.R. The MiG-29 Fencer could make a nuclear weapons strike anywhere in Europe. At the same time, when the Soviets began to develop surface-to-surface missiles and homing bombs for valved Soviet aircraft designed for attack ground targets have increased from 800 in 1965 to more than 8,700 today. "The Soviet buildup is not a dramatic increase, but rather a steady climb since 1968," says a senior U.S. air force officer. "It is one that has been made not only in quantity but also in quality."

At the same time the U.S.S.R. has substantially improved the number and quality of its ground forces. In recent years it has received at least \$100 billion in equipment. According to a senior defense department official in Washington, Russia and its Eastern Bloc allies now have in their arsenals

Tanks—45,000. While the U.S. produced an average of 468 tanks a year from 1972 to 1976, the Soviets averaged 3,170 a year.

Armored personnel carriers and light fighting vehicles—55,000. At the U.S. has been making 1,550 a year; the Soviets have produced at least 4,499.

Artillery—19,000 pieces. New (27mm) and self-propelled howitzers are replacing out-of-service pieces at the rate of 1,000 a year. Since 1965 there has been a 90 percent increase in missile production. The U.S. makes 162 pieces a year; the Soviets average 1,319.

Now has the Kremlin left in many behind. The Soviet fleet now numbers 3,410 ships, including 260 attack submarines. There has been an extraordinary buildup of sea, but consider this: In 1967 the U.S. had 23 nuclear subs and the Soviets had 22.



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U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff General David C. Jones told the Senate subcommittee on military costs this year: "The critical issue is not whether the U.S.S.R. can spear X-10's from Cuban airfields or even do that, but that they have the potential to do that." To take one of the legitimate concerns that

worries devoted to armaments. The way a nation distributes its wealth over time must certainly stand as a reflection of its priorities and one of the Soviet Union's principal priorities for more than a decade has clearly been to attain the greatest destruction possible at the lowest cost.

Foreign sources insist that the Soviets do not fear an attack from NATO. Their only explanation for the military buildup some of them say is that Moscow believed it can launch and win a conventional war in Europe—a tank assault in the North German Plain—without resorting to nuclear weapons or to all-out nuclear war.

To take one of the legitimate concerns that



The U.S. laser-guided Copperhead missile (left) has outgunned a tank. Will good old America know how prevail?

worry military strategists. Suppose on the death of Marshal Tito, the Kremlin decides to bring Yugoslavia firmly into its sphere. Saying as they did in Czechoslovakia that they have been "invited," the Soviet Army troops and tanks to take over alongside. There is a Hungarian-style rising soon crushed, NATO does nothing. It leaves the Soviet army firmly placed on the borders of Greece and Italy, and NATO partners with domestic problems. The Communists start to ferment even greater troubles in Athens and Rome. Africa develops. The Warsaw Pact mobilizes as it has been promised: attacks. There is no two-day tank and air battle; there falls back to the Weser River, abandoning nearly a quarter of West Germany's territory before another encirclement is reached. And the Iron Curtain has been expanded a little further setting down again and the next time.

This type of possibility is on the Washington agenda again. What would NATO do? The more serious the organization's relevance. In dependence on the United States for financial military know-how and psychological backbone, since that all the major decisions would have to be made from the White House. "Look, NATO is a defense alliance," said one presidential aide. "It's not an alliance that's planning a war. It has to act in a responsive mode. Guys who stay on a fortress for 30 years don't develop many options. How can we keep a vigilance alliance going when all we're doing is waiting for something to happen?"

Some of Soviet troops aren't really that good," he added. "The Germans know what they're doing. You can depend on the British aircraft. The Canadians can, but there aren't enough of them to matter. The Dutch are sort of hopeless—never want to spend much money."

In February this year, Britain's Labor government published a report saying for Russians are spending between 11 and 13 per cent of their resources on the military. In comparison the U.S. spends 5.5 per cent of its gross national product on defense. NATO European members spend 3.5 per cent and Canada spends 1.8 per cent.

Says the British report: "Soviet forces have in many areas been strengthened in size and quality on a scale which goes well beyond the need of any purely defensive power." It outlines the Salvo of Iron: Warsaw Pact forces, soon in the Eastern Atlantic and in Central Europe. Interface ships the Communists have 1.2 vessels for every single river warship; in submarine the ratio is 14, there are 0.2 Communist trains in every NATO soldier, and 2.7 men boats, tanks and such NATO has.

Of the Soviet Union's 166 army divisions 21 are in Eastern Europe along with 31 East German, Polish and Czechoslovak divisions. They could attack northern Germany with a "standing start" with less than 40 hours' preparation. NATO has about 25 divisions in West Germany—the most powerful being the 1st West German and 1st Armored divisions, the 1st Canadian, France which has now participated in NATO since 1966, has two divisions in West Germany and another right in France.

The bulk of Russian forces in East Germany are stationed in the North German

Plain a 100-mile-wide belt of rolling country stretching south from the North Sea. The Soviets would allow road movement by a westbound tank force while providing ample cover to interfere with the main road routes on which NATO vehicles travel. What an opportunity could be severely exploited by the use of road cover and heavy moving targets to contain them in Lake Elbe and western Germany.

NATO's supreme commander, U.S. Army General Alexander Haig, insists that the alliance could be ready to fight on two days' notice. But he maintains that irreplaceable intelligence chief would give NATO eight to 15 days' warning of any major

jeremiad move, more than enough time to bring supporting forces from the States and bring NATO forces to peak readiness. The question is, would NATO governments make the politically wrenching decision to mobilize on the basis of intelligence that would fragment and embitter? On the other hand, if the European countries didn't know where they were headed for first or second by Mayors or by life-long partners in their long countries?

Central Europe is only one potential battleground. The Middle East and the northern African continent are two of the others. El Alag Calais at that strategic, the Soviets have penetrated no fewer than 16 African

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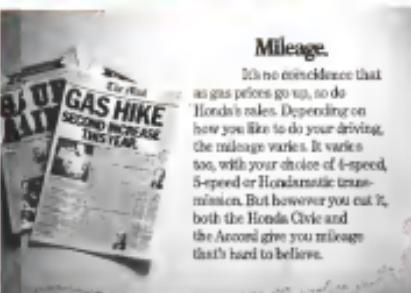
You just have to drive a Honda to be excited by its responsiveness. The reason it clings to the road is the combination of a transverse-mounted engine, coupled to front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering and independent suspension on all four wheels. Road holding and safety, sure cornering have suddenly taken on a whole new dimension. Phenomenal!



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When you go to see the Honda for yourself, take a large friend along. You'll understand show-habit why Honda owners talk up the interior space with such enthusiasm.

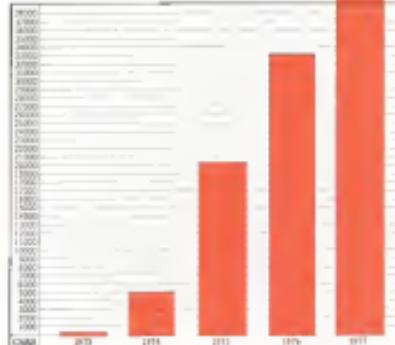


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## Mileage.

It's no coincidence that as gas prices go up, so do Honda's sales. Depending on how you like to do your driving, the mileage varies. It varies too, with your choice of 4-speed, 5-speed or Hondamatic transmission. But however you cut it, both the Honda Civic and the Accord give you mileage that's hard to believe.

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## Sales.

These figures are rather startling in themselves. And when you think how a lot of Honda owners had to wait for delivery and were glad they did, it's an even bigger surprise. But with all the Honda owners selling for us, we have lots of help.

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## Service.

If Honda puts a smile on your face, our dealer network keeps it there. Honda dealers' service people understand every nut and bolt on a car that is, by design, easy for them and convenient for you because it was planned that way from the drawing board. Just about everything on a Honda that needs periodic service or could conceivably require repair can be got at simply by lifting the hood. So service is quick and inexpensive to do. And these days, that alone is something of a phenomenon!



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countries. In Angola alone there are believed to be 20,000 Cuban troops.

In the north the Soviets have worked to scuttle Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiatives toward Israel. Through the use of Cubans in Ethiopia and their own "technical advisers" in South Yemen the Soviets are poised beside the sea lanes along which Saudi Arabia and Iran export oil. Carter has ordered a powerful "Mideast emergency squad" on stand-by at all times to fly out should the oil fields—central to the U.S. economy—ever come under attack.



Meanwhile, the Chinese-Soviet border remains troubled and dangerous as demonstrated by events in mid-May. Peking-Moscow relations are again bad. Both sides fear a major incident at any time. Washington is beginning to play one off the other. Carter's advisers feel it's a good idea to keep the Chinese-Soviet situation simmering. For it means that Moscow must keep its forces split, prepared to fight on two fronts.

Canada's role in all of this is necessarily and perhaps destined limited. We are perceived as "peacekeepers" and in the Third

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World Commanders are gravely worried about honest brokers with no nuclear warheads. In Washington, U.S. military planners are reluctantly pleased with the Chinese decision to buy new fighter planes and the Soviet modest—on U.S. terms—purchase of tanks. As ever, they would like to see more. They also want Prime Minister Trudeau to commit many millions of dollars to modernizing the early warning system in the North. That's under consideration now.

These are turbulent times. The flash points are all interconnected. And should push ever come to shove anywhere in the world, the bottom line inevitably pits the Soviet Union against the United States. Though Moscow outstrips Washington in weight of arms that has not overly worried the Pentagon because, as Defence Secretary Brown said: "We are both heavyweights, but the U.S. is more agile." The analogy is interesting if flippant. He meant that American technology was so far in advance of the Soviets, so superior, that the U.S. would be able to block the mass of Soviet forces from the Balkans and then stay in with a few well-chosen air strikes. Rather like an old Muhammad Ali—George Chonko fight.

Besides that advantage, Soviet technology is no longer a great way behind the U.S. Soviet flying forces are much faster on their feet than they were 10 years ago. Not only are they capable of delivering blows that are certain to get through, but they have also learned how to block many of the U.S. punches that were once thought to be unstoppable.

The Israeli-Arab wars have been the major testing ground for anti-nuclear weapons. Their history provides dramatic illustration of Soviet impotence. In 1967 the Israelis had no trouble demolishing the Egyptian air force and soaring victory into days. But by 1973 in the Yom Kippur conflict things had changed. Using Soviet surface-to-air missiles, the Egyptians were able to keep tank bunches while on the ground anti-aircraft units were rendered effectively.

Indeed, a major confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union that exploded into a nuclear war would now largely be fought with missiles. The U.S. has about 50 different types. The bulk of Washington's nuclear deterrent is made up of big, 7,000-mile-range missiles that can be fired from land or submarines. There are 1,000 Minuteman missiles (plus 54 T-4s) based in the U.S. and 650 Polaris and Poseidon missiles aboard nuclear submarines. Many are armed with "multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles" (mictav), each carrying as many as 10 separate nuclear warheads or boosters.

On the books for deployment at the end of this decade, is the sophisticated, ultra-accurate cruise missile. Like a giant cigar tube, it can be launched from bombers or to boosters to fly radio-guided, at speeds high over all types of terrain. Difficult to



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Carter is anxious to limit the growth of such so-called "strategic nuclear arms" in a new set agreement. But he also feels that such a treaty would be signed that year. In his efforts to get agreement, the president has shelved plans for another terror weapon, the neutron bomb. The Soviets had surprisedly strength against this one and the idea frightened some scientists too. The bomb, a small nuclear device, is designed as a tank stopper. It explodes causing little structural damage but killing everyone in the area. There is no large-scale fallout, however.

The United States believes that an all-out war with the Soviets would be decisive as to leave no winner. It reasons areas that the war has to represent a rational policy option. With a large nuclear deterrent, it says, we are safe. Unfortunately, the Soviets are not so sure to agree. They say that the best prepared country in possession of superior strategic weapons can start a nuclear war and emerge as a viable society.

Writing in *Consumers* magazine last year, Harvard history professor Richard Poces, former director of the university's Russian Research Center, said: "The pre-dominance of the American strategic monopoly is to strong that fundamental doctrinal discrepancy. American doctrine has been and continues to be both rational and experienced by and large without self-

center to its Soviet counterpart. It is assumed here that there exists one and only one rational strategy appropriate to the age of the thermonuclear weapons and that this strategy rests on the principle of mutual deterrence. But it is also felt that such a treaty would be signed that year. In his efforts to get agreement, the president has shelved plans for another terror weapon, the neutron bomb. The Soviets had surprisedly strength against this one and the idea frightened some scientists too. The bomb, a small nuclear device, is designed as a tank stopper. It explodes causing little structural damage but killing everyone in the area. There is no large-scale fallout, however.

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The basic warning will not provide an answer to the myriad problems of armament or regional conflicts or terrorism, to religious and racial strife or defenseless groups of minorities, complex non-personal and opposition ideologies involved can make military policies either more irrelevant than those people care to cope with and the shooting starts. And then it will be later...

NATO commander Helmut (right) with Canadian Minister of National Defence Carter and Captain Walter Piasecki, inspecting a howitzer setup in southern Germany. If the Russians move they may not be stopped.



# The Beefeater Story

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# Once more with feeling

All aboard for steam's last great run

**E**ngine 2860 is resting now in a shop in Vancouver, surrounded by hosts and artifacts being prepared for the summer's work ahead, having excursion trains on a six-hour run to Squamish and back. Six hours! This engine is one of the last of the steam giants; she weighs 102 tons stark naked and can go twice as fast as the rails allow, too-fast, however, even when held up and used in fact a hamster. Like the caging of King, they reduce greatness to mere trinket. But in April it was different. In April it was grand. 16 miles in 28 days, her mallets and 7,200 miles. A daydream came true, whose words could hardly touch, but it was a little bit like this:

"There ought to have been a sign saying 'Thruway to the Dusseaux.' There wasn't a sign, but there was a disaster indeed: a steam engine, mounted en masse at the Macmillan Aga, with a firebox full of flaming oil and a belly full of live rats."

This train was a remembrance out of Vancouver pulled by magic out of history. It was a long string of Pullman and cabin cars that had left B.C. at the end of March and lumbered across the country to begin

a tour celebrating the Captain Cook Bicentennial, boarding out western Indians and boulders, along, everybody else that might save up tourist wads for the prestige of paradise.

She is special because of that, but also because everything about steam amuse power is special, including the language. Steam locomotives were not merely built, they were *envied*. We mourned. When 2860 of the H-1 class was condemned from the meeting hall in Montreal in June of 1940 she went to work for one hauling transcontinental passenger trains. In forty-five years she did not add two months to the schedule. The engine never stalled and 2860 too but she was resolute and robust by cross-faced staleness and steamed itself young assistant who worked for love. And she was taken over by the British Columbia Railway—an offshoot of the previous steam head—which put her to work on the tourist runs to Squamish in 1974. No one thought then that one day the world

had水上人煙

Division pilot upon won  
dry 450 among Hudsons 2860  
was an engine apart. In 1939 in  
ter 3530 had killed George VI

By William Marsano

and Queen Elizabeth across the country. She ran from Quebec to Vancouver without a breakdown and won for herself and her irrigation claim a niggardly name: Royal Hudson.

She is special because of that, but also because everything about steam amuse power is special, including the language. Steam locomotives were not merely built, they were *envied*. We mourned. When 2860 of the H-1 class was condemned from the meeting hall in Montreal in June of 1940 she went to work for one hauling transcontinental passenger trains. In forty-five years she did not add two months to the schedule. The engine never stalled and 2860 too but she was resolute and robust by cross-faced staleness and steamed herself young assistant who worked for love. And she was taken over by the British Columbia Railway—an offshoot of the previous steam head—which put her to work on the tourist runs to Squamish in 1974. No one thought then that one day the world



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kids across the country again, making up a peak with the hits of steam and the long moan of her whistle.

At one point, an old father stopped the whistle's siren just three hundred yards away, stopping his son in the middle of an eight-mile roadway, he said angrily. "Listenin' now? You may never hear that sound again!" The passenger was appalled. Half an hour later the same man headed home in 25000's smoke cab and watched him die in the heat of the truck and the gleam of brass gauges. "How do they blow that whistle, Dad?" the boy asked. Engineer Mike Gelsack, one of three veteran bogies on the tour, swept the boy up, closed his eyes and held on the whistle cord, and said "Well..." The boy gave a tentative tug... the whistle regular, with a full throb. "What's that?" the boy asked. "Gosh, what! That's the sound down there," Gelsack said. The boy pointed down the road and the whistled sound increased. An long and mournful wail over the track, hawking the downtown workhouse, rising, sank him with memory blind of decent or sorrow.

In London, Ontario the seven thousand last for two days—much better than the repeat in Mississauga. Smaller cities in general saw the train as a bigger event; they are closer to the days when the railroad was the spine of the local economy and the chief link with the rest of the country. If small towns had their say, the country would be alive with steam while the guitars lay over where to put the train denizens repeat.

"Some of the people here have followed us from Toronto," said Barbara Hennigar Jr., in response. "Some from Ottawa followed us all the way to Quebec City. They really love the train. You can stop at every station, and if it's too bad, too—so we slow down, sing the 'O Canada' while and three business people on the platform.

And I hear the rest has taken on a tour worker and "They'll be lined up at the stations we pass through, sitting in their cars with the headlamps just to watch as you by."

Although the London visit officially ended at 7 p.m., the crowd didn't leave. It lagged on the platforms in the fading

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light glinting drowsily in the polished steel of the engine, resounding at the elegant mass of drive wheels almost three inches tall, lancing to the hoses and the rhythmic heartbeat of the air pump. As in every stop so far, silence followed man kept talking in clambering up to snap connections fast. And a Rambler boy insisted in to ask them last questions and those in the following:

"They clocked this one over at 127 miles an hour."

"I'd like to get you in that speed tunnel up in the Rockies, too."

"Yeah, we had a diesel man in the cab on that leg once. He was all dressed in white."

"Boy, what's the pretty too?"

"He was white, but when we came out of the tunnel he looked like he'd been dragged through a stereotype."

"He got a ten year old, and he asks one 'Dad, what's a status update?' I try to tell him, and he thinks I'm lying."

"Either that or he wonders how old you really are."

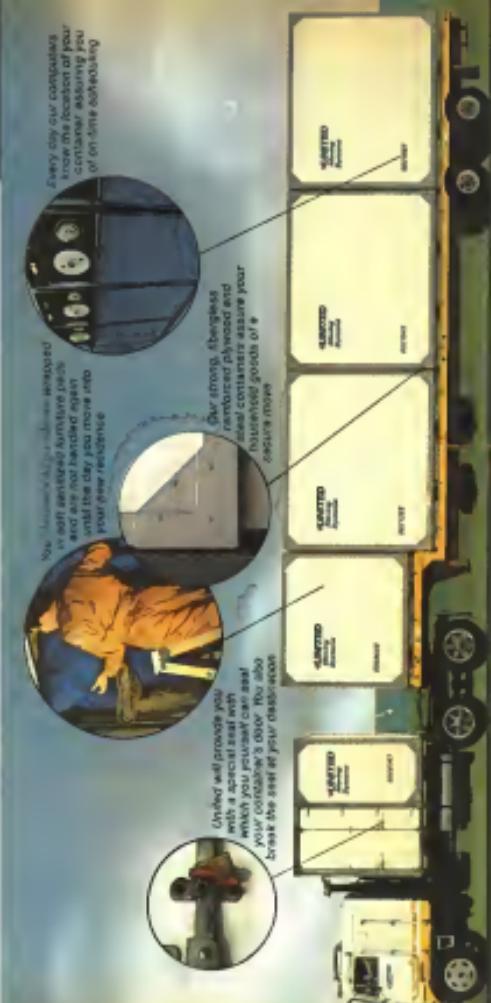
but with a diesel engine, it takes a human being to run it. If it's alive, a certain engine is really it."

Alive. There were a lot of oldtimers in the cab that night and they all said the same thing: alive.

Dispatcher master engineer Ralph Licavolo, another veteran who helped run the engine and "reach status" to the sub-engineers and apprentices, rang out O Canada in French, and people in the crowd knew their arms around each other and sang along. The train stopped and the engine grumbled, the boiler of accumulated punk the crowd was lost in a cloud of steam, but it didn't budge. Sub-engineer Ron Anderson wanted the main chassis and cylinders up forward, a path of water and oil perfumed steam billowed out in a great sweet wash. Still so one left.

Live steam ran into the laser making a peculiar singing sound. If you operate these things by car, out of the men with the cylinders drink it in. Facing piston against piston, piston against cylinder, cylinder against drivers, meshed in silk. No bags, no grit, no facets, no slams just 37,000 pounds of traction on four delivered at the driveline and a train some 19 can long exist on refrigerated grain. It was 9 p.m., dead on time.

In the car at the rate of the train, the staff relaxed over deer meat, a play-off game on TV and sips of wine as they waited



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into the sway of the cars. The country-side whirled by at 60, and 65, and maybe more. ("We were really gambling on her last night," a man said, "and she won.") At times, though, on route, the "heat" factor was waiting, hidden in their cars for a passing glance of 100 tons of rolling thunder. As the grade crossings the trains went down or went up, bucking up long strings of householders over all, steadily louder. But then came the nightmare spasm, all in hemispherical circles, stamping past the station like yesterday's ghost, whoops crying at the moon, the guitar sound of her stock建築 along the night and linking little towns apart, big as a mosquito, black as a cat. Imagine those gaunt matrons digging in their seats, weakly waiting for some suddenly living freight to smash deadly through; impossible for them not to snap bolt upright in amazement and in awe. Sweet Jesus—what was that?

Southern Windsor Stanley had the day in bed in his church, but by noon the crowd began to swell, full of boys wild-eyed with adolescent. Men well-eyed with who was they couldn't easily explain, and mothers trying desperately to keep their children clean. Impossible the kids clambered over that engine, peering and shouting off and leaving their pictures taken for memory books. In the cars, they yanked on the belt controls that were bent, and the gearshifts, and the brakes, and the dash—"Argentina Syd-Clay," he said, "and we have to start the electric off." But if it was up to me, I'd be "on fire" that whole old day long. The kids ought to have a chance to feel what it was like.

Outside, machine gunmen and engineers explained everything for the 100th time: the dedicated old fess took their close looks and their pictures, then hung back on the fringes these frozen with longing, as if afraid to leave. In their hands they heard the pound of pounds and the 10s and multiples, they divested themselves of earlier tares and went right to the marine, thought back to days when railroads had names like songs (Anderson, Topeka & Santa Fe, Roger River Valley), banks (New York Central, Grand Trunk) and names of presidents (Lee is India called. His Highness the Sultan's Generalissimo San Railway comes to mind).

By the time they strangled home at the end of the Southwest in May, the train crew, nine scoreless, two red-cranked Mounties, killed, pipe, Captain Cook impersonated and auditory, were still managing to get past rail beds again and again, though no record history gave a 2,500-mile round trip, said to be the longest made by a single train.

Behind them they left poison bushes and savannah, cormorants and dunes, tales to tell grandchildren of the day the great train had chugged through a mid-height time of the little long ago, when North American leviathan was a nation unto itself and King Shudder was its emperor-king. ♦



Robert Dunn, Account Executive, Heilbronn

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# Fairer wind for Jamaica

**Reggae also has charms to soothe the savage breast** By Adele Freedman

It was an exceptional concert even by Jamaican standards. Beneath a full moon that seemed made to measure for the occasion, Kingston's singing spectators gathered in the National Stadium last month to celebrate the beginning of a new era. They had come to a reggae follow-up to a previous "peace rally" that had taken the form of the Kingston Riot of January. Signalling the end of years of gang warfare, the concert was bound to be an unusual occasion—rarely was just that.

The eighth-hour ever-peaked as Bob Marley, Jamaica's undisputed reggae superstar, censured into a hysteric revelation of his song, *Jamming*. Knives pumping and

blasted "Wailadelic" swirled around his head in time to the music, he drove home the message: "All Jahville-hoodsmen unite. This is worth more than gold." Moments later leaving his backup musicians to their own discretion, he stepped to the front of the stage, took off his cap, and, while the prime minister and the leader of the opposition sat in with him in the name of Jah (Glory to the Lord!) The audience of 30,000 cheered unreinforced. Edward Seaga, head of the Jamaican Labor Party (LJP) inside his wavy orange follows by Prime Minister Michael Manley beside Marley, who was becoming more

and more ecstatic every minute, the two men looked tense and uncomfortable. First to please their supporters, they couldn't blend into the rhythmic swaying of the enormous stage.

At Marley's prompting, the two politicians—long-time enemies—were seen clapping hands through the Marley magic was accomplished. The peace's most famous citizen, whose inflammatory protest song had advertised the plight of Kingston poor to the entire world, had followed two political enemies into synthesis.

It was an example of what the

people, using the people's voice and preaching the people's philosophy could accomplish—if they tried.

The implications of the Peace Concert can only be appreciated against the economic and political situation in Jamaica, an island of two million people whose resources were for centuries dictated by foreign superpowers, leaving the indigenous population bereft not only of food but of pride. Having gained independence from Britain in 1962, Jamaica is now reaping the tawdry consequences of colonial rule. Ask any Jamaican of any political persuasion, how he is, and he's likely to answer: "Times tough." It's much difficult to see why.

Monday and George Rennie Marley (on film strip) and the scene before the concert (bottom) as way "all you need is love" would be overemphasized, but it's a start.

There are four per cent of the labor force—and there are only the official statistics—an unemployed. Everywhere you go you see young men and women wandering. King's Day's dusty roads are relentlessly overplanned by boomtowns speculating on the possibilities of emigration to Miami or Toronto, two of the largest harbors for the discontented.

With virtually no money in the treasury, government allowances are actually decreasing—Manley has been forced to cut salaries. At the Royal Factory, 1,500 garment workers remain today fulfilling those same old contracts as Canada or the United States. Some are even trying to switch the contours of sugar, cornfod, cotton—cornfod carries rice flour, sugar, even banana—through cutouts. Sugar has become a luxury. Cigarettes can generally be bought only through the black market. Gas costs \$3 a gallon. There is even a shortage of gas

for strings—a sad state of affairs in a country where music figures so large.

To strengthen things over as best they can the government-controlled media offer a steady diet of paternal advice on how the people should conduct their lives. One nationwide campaign encourages breast-feeding as a substitute for imported baby plasma, another suggests that everyone should have a garden plot. "He doesn't eat any sort of land product," reads a full-page newspaper ad showing a Father and son confirming under a corrugated roof, "he plants his food in the old tires and trees." In the face of such economic disintegration, it is hardly surprising that taxi drivers keep their doors and windows locked lest passengers reach inside and snatch their passengers' wallets.

It is clear from the poverty of the King-





too poor to afford the necessities of life. They haven't yet found a political spokesman. On the contrary, political activity seems only to have exacerbated the already untenable conditions. Every political constituency in Kingston has its party strongholds, defended—until last January, at least—by armed ghetto youths.

The slums of West Kingston, an area of one square mile with a population of 30,000, are no exception. One section, Tivoli, a planned community development carved out of what was once the most degraded shantytown in the territory, Mathew Lane along the way, supports Marley's People's National Party. Elsewhere, *Devotees* of the same party, though not numerous, form the backbone of the community. Over the years, neighbors and even members of the same family were turned into enemies under pressure of political patronage. Since Stamps represents the area of West Kingston, Marley found it convenient to live there and add to that pressure, with the result that of the 3,000 people in area, if a shantyhold only 100 are employed. (The government is Jamaica's biggest employer.) As a discrimination so severe, the police so powerful that they almost operate as an autonomous force in Kingston, had the final people.

Barrington Levy (far left), Al Anderson (bottom) and Big Youth (left), using their music through reggae, rising or falling together.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that smoking can increase your risk of heart disease and lung cancer.

feeling that they could enter the ghetto at any time and shoot up the population. The violence reached its height in June 1976, when Marley declared a state of emergency and jailed a number of suspected nonviolent ACP communists leaders. It was at this point that the ghetto population began to realize that something had to be done. One ghetto youth summed it up just nicely: "Political parties claim to be on the side of the people, but at the direction of government they move away from the people." The imperative for peace was left to those whose lives were most affected by its absence: the ghetto people themselves.

Last January, some youthful supporters of both political parties were picked up by the police—a common occurrence—and jailed in the same cell. With time to ponder the destructive consequences of years of exploitation by opposing polarities, they began to discuss the possibility of peace. On the night of January 9, one supporter, Buckley Marshall, who had just come out of jail, and his ACP comrade, Claudius Massop, headed an all-night call to action in the streets of the ghetto. The next day they organized an effervescent mass-up-in-a-race rally. A young reggae performer, Jacob Miller, immediately broadcast the news by cutting a single set to the tune of Wilson Johnson's former Marleying House Again, called *The Peace Treaty Sprint*. Another reggae song, *The War Is Over*, quickly rose to No. 4 on the Kingston

hit parade. People had come to West Kingston.

News of the mass rally reached Marley, where Bob Marley had been living in exile since being wounded by gunmen in Kingston in December 1976. It was the crucial moment the Peace Movement that grew from it that

paraded its way both for Marley's return to Jamaica and the Peace Concert, proceeds donated to the Peace Movement. Marley's return to Kingston had a two-fold dimension. It was his way of denouncing his followers that he had sold out to fame and big money, and it marked the emergence of

West Kingston's reggae community as an active political force with an increasingly coherent ideology. Although its reggae stars participated in the Peace Concert, it was Marley who set the tone for the event. His claphouse headquarters on the Hope Road also served as headquarters for the

Jacob Miller at work—end-giving, smoking, and...at the world to smoke up with you.

Peace Concert. During the hours before the concert, Marley was often to be found there, going over to the blandish tents of his elders, photographers and members of the press. Every word of his was coined for a message: "You guys can't have a 'white people' philosophy on the black people," he told one interviewer, "especially the people of Jamaica—because nowhere on earth are people as peaceful as the ones in Jamaica."

What then is the black people's philosophy?

"You Marley, as an estimated 50,000 millionaires of Jamaica, is the Rasta's man," he said, "and our principles

have been evolving since 1966. Based on

the Old Testament and the Book of Revelations, Rastafarianism traces the roots of

black Jamaicans to Solomon and Sheba,

straying Africa as the home to which black

people must someday return. Rastafarian

believe in the deity of Haile Selassie, de-

cended Emperor of Ethiopia, otherwise

known as the Conquering Lion of the

Tribes of Judah who, as both African and

emperor became the favored focal点 for

power and dignity. But even without

accepting Selassie as the living God, it is

possible for Jamaicans to identify with

Rastafarianism as a social movement that

provides black people with a sense of their

historical and cultural identity, as well as

the biblical language to express their complex experience. In psychological terms, that means that only after the Jamaican population accepts who they are and where they came from will they be able to lay the foundations of social action. The way Marley expressed this way: "All you guys have to come together and think what we do change."

Commented Trevor Phillips, chairman of the People's Commission: "Black people are changing what the Rastafarians say. You have to yourself and your community. The only difference what Marley is saying is that one of the most powerful music that has ever been linked to a political movement, reggae."

As if to provide one last reason for the people to separate for peace, the government sent occupying police into West Kingston on April 17, five days before the concert, to squash a peaceful demonstration protesting against the appalling sanitary conditions in the area. The incident was then used by the government to discredit the Peace Movement. Minister of State Shirley Thamani issued a public warning that, "If any policeman is killed this year, the people who did it will be shot down like dogs"—a somewhat unnecessary threat, considering that none of the three people killed during the demonstration was a policeman.

But despite predictions that the concert might erupt into a bloodbath if it were held peacefully almost identically. In fact,



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it wasn't really a concert at all, but a night-long consciousness-raising session led by the country's segue elite. Hardly any applause broke the eerie silence—unusual behavior for a Jamaican audience. This time, people had assembled to observe the “manga,” and they weren't disappointed.

For many, state, the event was an exercise-in-confidence—the representatives of Babylon—in the persons of the police who provided security—had-on. More often than not, their pretense centered on marijuana, considered a sacred herb by many Rastafarians, and under different circumstances might have provoked some lighting of incense. (After the “manga,” reggae artist Jacob Miller descended on the stage and demanded policemen that burnt offerings, the step demanded. Without a warning for his so-called master, Miller pulled out his baton, jammed it in top of his dreadlocks, and rechristened the stage to continue his resistance of Devilishly Can’t Look Else than Poppa in Peace, lamenting the haughty Rastafarian face for smoking marijuana.)

Peter Tosh, one of the unapologetically bad of Marley’s backup group, The Wailers, struck a defiant note. Dressed completely in black, he addressed himself directly to the press comment: “I am not a politician,” he barked. “But I suffer the consequences”—citing the steep tollage as an example. Why, he then asked, had he been summoned by the police when never he lit up a joint? It was time for the “blow-storm” to begin, especially referred to the system to change. By the time he had concluded his plan for replacing racist officials with maroons for export, he too had a bit spilt on him.

But if anything symbolized the concert’s theme of One Love throughout, it was Marley who made his entrance singing a well-known hymn as his battle cry: “The hand of Justice will break every chain and give us the victory again and again.” “We are kings and queens, priests and princesses,” he intoned, again at the climax. Five days later he had Marley and Satta on the stage with him. “My whole life flashed before my eyes,” said one woman in the audience who had served seven months in detention. “All the violence and the shooting. Now the politicians can never afford to ignore the people again.”

Whether the Peace Movement will succeed in keeping the common people out of reach of political manipulation remains to be seen. Jamaican politics operate on a particularly visceral level that might make consider an odd, if not incomprehensible thought that the youth of Kingston are undergoing a form of spiritual awakening, and for the first time are taking an interest in controlling the results of democracy, the basis of political forces in having to change. Things will undoubtedly continue to be chaotic, but that will not detract from the fact that, as Marley notes in one song, “You think it’s the end, but it’s just the beginning.” □



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# Open for bids

How 'Ritchie' became a Canadian best seller

The Saskatchewan contractor was also a key preacher and thus started, to Ritchie Brothers Auctioneers, the only remarkable thing about the proposal for the Ritchie brothers to auction off their company for a respectable \$15,500. The new owners were clear take guaranteed by the Ritchies — de parted with their boys and the preacher vanished with his money. A week later, north Dorval, Quebec, Saskatchewan, credit union man arrived at Ritchie Brothers with a \$15,000 letter against the preacher's equipment. "Perfectly legal and ours." But the provider didn't think on the sanctity and originality of the colored Ritchie Brothers. They hollered him down, demanded their money and discovered he had a car. "But my layman brother John fixed him," says Dave with satisfaction. "It turned out the preacher's car used was left insurance policy and he would never get it again. One of these days, we'll get our money, plus a down-year of

premium payments. He can't live forever."

You have to know where to look for the Ritchie Brothers auction yard to spot their next little yellow truck and their checkerboard world racket under the Surrey end of the Peace Bridge in Vancouver. The genetics of machinery, looking any toy toys from the bridge above, are laid out in Day-Glo bright lines along the banks of the muddy Fraser, like an industrializing Chart of the Gods configuration. But the most stately streak back and forth without a gleamer for what's below. Most of them

wouldn't know a deer boat from a barrel sawmill. The people who do know their "trucks" in the construction industry call all the heavy equipment that moves dirt and asphalt and steel and timber already gathered in the yard on this spring Thursday, outside experienced eyes ever crawler tractor, wheel loader, bulldozer excavators, fork lifts, cranes. A couple of thousand have turned out in bid or bypass to find out prices, to see what's going by this season. By the end of the day, they'll have laid out \$1.2 million for the second-hand iron, which \$20,000 more than the

machinemen had expected the sale to bring. Million-dollar sales are nothing special now for David F. Ritchie, chairman of the board, but he's left lazier days not far behind. Only 15 years ago, the ascensioning brotherhood generated a cool over \$15,000 for his 1980, then, had pasted, second thoughts that the equipment would never sell for that. Ritchie drove his pickup truck from Vancouver to the site in Lloydsminster, Saskatchewan, scouted the town for a 16-story hotel room, set up his tent at a hardware yard across the street. The budgeting wasn't necessary; the sale grossed \$185,000.

Ritchie, in his Crescent Beach mansion after Thursday's sale has been installed and taken to the bank. 42-year-old Dave, youngest of the brothers, tells the Lloydminster story with logic enjoyment. His 4,000 square foot cedar and glass house located on 10 wooded acres about 30 miles south of Vancouver, houses all the Goodwill goodies: swimming pool, tennis courts, two greenhouses, horse barns, a \$3,000 log cabin situated on the rimnas a few blocks away.

It has a profitable quarter of a century for the two brothers who started out with a secondhand store in Kelowna, B.C. Back then they peddled pots and pans, chandeliers and chairs. Last year, they packed \$4 million worth of heavy equipment through a single day's sale in Edmont on, giving them a gross of \$55 million for the year. They're Canada's largest auctioneers, perhaps the fourth or fifth biggest business of its kind in North America. "Our business is good when business is good," says Dave Ritchie. "And our business is better when business is tough."

The beauty of auctioneering, from the Ritchie's point of view, is that it gets businesses moving and going. The downswing the Canadian economy, particularly in the resource industry, has made moving equipment a drug on the market. But there are still plenty of buyers to be found outside the country, mainly in the Third World. As the same time, construction equipment is experiencing a boom thanks to a spate of pipeline building between B.C., the west and, trade-competitor Western governments and to plan for the Alaska Highway pipeline. One major supply, just entering on the auction market in Washington state, is the equipment that built the Alaska pipeline. The end of a major project like that can suddenly make thousands of pieces of equipment available because while farmers, for instance, might need to rent their heavy equipment until it's dead, one construction job makes a small dent in the long life of the big earthmoving machines.

The clan's father, the late R. G. Ritchie, fondly remembered by his sons as the world's first hippie, was "hust and poor three times in his life." A lawyer who'd won the Governor-General's award for excellence at McGill, R. G. fought in both

World Wars, lost his inheritance on the Sec. and came out of it with the financial honours of operating out of the world. He settled in Kelowna as an auctioneer — Mac said as the school machinery — could move some of the surplus merchandise. "The first time he sold," Dave remembers, "was a police block for which we paid \$80. He let it go for \$3. I thought, 'To hell with auctions, that's how they go.' But by the end of the day we'd moved \$2,000 worth of merchandise and got \$2,000 for it."

A couple more sales followed, then MacFarlane dropped a bombshell an hour before an auction was to start. He had to leave immediately for Dawson Creek

politically move to the Rockies' steep-to-snap tall grass and terrible jobs. MacFarlane convinced the Ritchies as success — Mac said as the school machinery — could move some of the surplus merchandise. "The first time he sold," Dave remembers, "was a police block for which we paid \$80. He let it go for \$3. I thought, 'To hell with auctions, that's how they go.' But by the end of the day we'd moved \$2,000 worth of merchandise and got \$2,000 for it."

A couple more sales followed, then MacFarlane dropped a bombshell an hour before an auction was to start. He had to leave immediately for Dawson Creek

By Suzanne Zwarun



**Someone told her you may put off coming to the Orient for another year.**

"Maybe next year we'll go to the Orient. How many years has it been since you first went there?"

"And every year since, it's been the same old story. Next year, never this year."

Ryan's Golden Pavilion will still be there next year, of course. Hong Kong's harbour wall will still return with tarpaulins, and the sun will still rise over Bangkok's gilded temples. But there's an old Japanese proverb which says, "The day you decide to do a thing is the day you decide not to do it."

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Ken, depicted in his father's house, is the oldest, dad's, Jane MacFarlane's honey-smooth partner, but he managed to move the usual amount of goods. And MacFarlane, who hasn't gone anywhere, wandered in as they were closing up. "Head you had a pretty good sale here," he said with a grin. "Gone you won't be making me anymore."

The Ritchie boys' although the brothers barely scraped through high school and none has ever taken an engineering course. The auctioneer at the local Scott Hall became a steady Kalamazoo event as much a social occasion as a business tour. Ken Ritchie, who now manages the Interior B.C. Division of Ritchie Brothers, had a notion for the business growing and the brothers could become a big success. When used furniture seemed unlikely to lift the Ritchies into that league, they turned to machinery. With a borrowed \$11,000, they bought a Sunshineland, B.C., sawmill and auctioned it for \$24,000.

The Ritchies consider 1963 their watershed. That year, an auction in Robson Hot Springs grossed almost a million dollars and there seemed to be no going back. In 1975, with John retired in the Okanagan, David and Ken formed a new partnership with a rehired buddy Dick Russell (#1, Ross Crook), 32, a Kelowna accountant, and Bill Goldberg, 41, an Alberta contractor. But one poor sale in the first year cost Ritchie Brothers \$500,000, the company's entire reserves and the partners' combined savings.

Then Ritchie Brothers Auctioneers hit its stride, thanks in large part to the infamously-dugged 1970s. Major mining and construction companies that once ordered only new equipment are now pouring the used equipment lots and rates paying more for good and machinery than a field for originally built at that. They're getting a bargain over current new equipment prices.

Successful auctioneering is a mix of psychology, organization and showmanship

the Ritchies have learned to cook up a stock sale. The equipment is usually sold, stored, painted and put in running order so it will look as handsome as possible when to get the crowd warmed up and head to a \$100,000-a-item fever pitch. If there are any pipe wrenches and other items not wanted, the Ritchies buy it back from a friendly hardware store. They've bought \$5,000 worth of tools and hardware for \$6,000. Ritchie Brothers accountant Ruth Parfitt, who once starred on the vaudeville road in a commercial says nothing is an auction a like putting on a stage production. "You have your opening act, your feature and your closing. I know whether we've done a good show or not."

Under the soft lighting, however, is solid organization. The company is small: 15 people in Richmond head office, another 15 scattered in branch offices in Kelowna, Kamloops, Prince George, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal and Portland, Oregon. And with auctions happening almost weekly across the country, employees are always working their way



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through a mail-bagging sample of paper-work. Potential buyers are alerted to the action with \$6,000 order booklets mailed around the world. And if the theory of showboating is simple—buy equipment that can be used at a profit—the accuracy of the usual appraisal has to be seriously precise since two of the three deals the Ruckels offer leave the losers of their way winging. (The Ruckels buy the equipment outright and insist in guarantee the owner's gross and split anything over that, or auction the owner's equipment for a fee.) Taking these guarantees good, the Ruckels attend various events every summer, from the Super Bowl to the Super 800. They hand out free tickets to baseball and beef on a bun, bed-down customers in remote backcountry. Give them their blankets and pillows and take successive charter planes to get customers to a site. The Ruckels even photograph the departing van and make up press releases for sensational events. "Guys fall in love with our expense," says partner Ross Cawley. "They've fought with it, come in everyday for 10 years, so it's not just a business decision to sell. It's like parting with a wife." Some customers have a flair of their own—they'll jet hundreds of miles, spend \$300,000 a day, measure out the station and be back in their own office before closing time.

Then, after the sale staff customers and hang-on normally head for a restaurant



Accumulator Forrest: what more logical way to implement a hardware corporation?

to eat and drink all night as Ruckel Brothers' expense. Staffers are directly involved in a sale will make the party in the barnyard to be as the party afterward. "I couldn't believe the whole evening," says Heather Brown, 20, after her first chow-down and champagne dinner. Ruckel owners are similarly known somebody who's just dinner, started racking off the restaurant's tables and chairs. Accompanying people can't resist the urge to sit. John Ruckel claims on

the nickel courses at the Fort St. John airport and said, for \$15 a piece an armload of pens he'd bought in the airport coffee shop.

Parties are thrown to mark everything from birthdays to dog days, singe from charter events to late afternoon drinks in the larder of the converted Balfour house that is head office. (They fought a tough zoning battle to make the house their base because they like the home atmosphere of working around two wood-burning fireplaces and sipping espresso instead of the espresso machine.) But there is always open office time ahead, and the Ruckels' explanation for the expansion is simple: "We're growing."

Indeed, the Ruckels last February were responsible for the worst party disaster in the history of the Western Canadian Radio-Television Association. With their own staff party already a legend in the industry, they offered an open bar bill for a cocktail party and buffet for 600 at the opening of the group's convention in Arizona. The party went swimmingly for the first four hours, then Dave Ruckel noticed the last of American had run out and the half-he'd-harrased. The canard had misinterpreted the order for the buffet. They had no food to offer and at 10 p.m. in Scottsdale, Arizona, there was no one else prepared to feed 600 people. There was nothing the Ruckels could do but buy everyone another drink, pay the bills and flee. □



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## The World

Close watch on the Northwest Frontier

A group of fighters was patrolling Afghanistan after a lightning military coup last month and driving through the forest Khyber Pass that was red with poppy when an armed Pakistani soldier flagged them down. "I heard on the radio that Afghan guns were pointed here at Pakistan," he said. "Is that true?"

Afghan guns were in fact pointing east but they were aimed at fleeing loyalist forces not at their mountainous neighbour. Still it was hardly surprising the soldier thought his country was under attack even before the nuclear Russian tanks and蒋介石-equipped M-113s blotted a new Communist regime into power in the Afghans capital of Kabul last month. Pakistan's very existence had been under threat for so long, its patriotic solidarity shattered, its autonomy in doubtless. Now the

group sat down which gave Russia a strategic victory—the meaning of which remains to be fully digested in the West—merely added to a growing sense of uncertainty and disarray.

A legitimate ally of China, Pakistan might well wonder if the new Soviet-backed regime would foster the pan-Islamic separatist desires of its northern and southern tribes—the Pathans and Baluchis—that straddle the frontiers of the two countries.

But the real threat to unity came from within. Pakistan has not been able to pull itself together since a military coup 10 months ago ousted former prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Ostensibly the takeover by General Zia ul-Haq was to restore order after charges of "rigging" in last year's elections sparked months of rioting and looting. Zia, the product of a conventional military education and a strict Moslem who says he is answerable to 80 million to the armed forces of God Almighty, has only stepped more violence on the country.

In the public square, Pakistanis can now witness hangings and floggings with the flesh-tearing bone-in-cane. About 160 persons have already fallen victim. Fereydon of the past is even more of a fact than word. In all, Zia has jailed about 70 journalists, banished seven of newsagencies, two newspapers owned by Bhutto's People's Party, and impeded

Bhutto (left) and Pervaiz Ayubi in Lahore; the future remains uncertain



Zia: flogging democracy in public

hundreds of a dozen others. Recently four journalists were flogged for the first time. Newsagents and news agencies were gagged as their heads were cut off, potted, but that did not restrain a more moderate

Bhutto himself—the Oxford-educated playboy—over a symbol of the country's growing liberalisation and a bright hope for the thousands of Bhutto supporters now on death row deserved of helping to oust a political opponent. His wife and daughter have been arrested and beaten up. His followers have been persecuted. The national rifle the military adopted to heal it worse than ever and the demon on Bhutto's face—is being taken soon—simply hung in the air breathing lessons Hawks in Zia's military joints sit Bhutto.



most die for his crimes. Pakistan's Arab friends, Iran and Saudi Arabia, are opposed either way, for outcome will be disastrous.

In a sense Pakistan is suffering all the problems of a declining nation caught in the middle of conflicting aspirations. After the disastrous war with India in 1971 which resulted in the creation of the independent state of Bangladesh out of Pakistan's eastern wing, Bhutto had been instrumental in giving the reduced country a new sense of pride. He tried to restore some of the basic democratic institutions and give peasants some control over the land. But he was ruthless, vindictive and corrupt in his exercise of power. He frightened off private investors and irritated the powerful right-wing Moslem hierarchy. A combination of high inflation and annual disasters which wiped out the central cotton crop helped to undermine confidence in him. As a result, the military takeover, the third in Pakistan's turbulent 35-year history, simply returned to the status quo with a vengeance.

The groupings of Afghans who are the main driving force of the war are divided into the two Marxist who have had military pretensions designed to win the support of their peasant supporters sent out to remote mountain villages to rouse up mud-hut dwellers for a visit to the luxurious royal palace in Kabul where former President Mohammad Daoud was killed in the fighting. And one unpretentious visitor: "It was as big as grand and said it all belongs to him. That is good. It is a right one should live in a place as big as that which I live in such a small place."

Much more worrisome for Pakistan is that while Afghanistan is too inaccessible and arid to be a pliant Russian puppet there is no question that the USSR has made important contacts in the Central Asian power struggle. More than 10 years ago the Russians built a Soviet highway up the Hindu Kush connecting 5,600 miles along the Pamir mountains from Tashkent through Turkmenia, Uzbekistan and into the Russian Steppes. It was an investment that paid off handsomely. Now as one shaggy American diplomat in Kabul pointed out it would take a Russian convoy only 12 hours to reach the Khyber Pass from the border. "They have it way and Pakistan at last through a friendly country Afghanistan had to be all that stand between Russia and a warm-water port. Now they can drive down to Karachi by time they please." SIR RONALD WINSTON

## ZAFRE

### An African Incursion

It was a slaughter as unexpected as it was brutal. When French and Belgian airborne commandos and paratroopers armed with the embattled central African country of Zaire in late May evidence that a racial attack had already taken place became suddenly wrenchingly clear. Re-

taining rebels had become repulsed by an effort to capture Zaire's copper-rich Shaba Province (formerly Katanga) had turned instead on the black population, killing more than even the most ferocious白色种族主义者 had anticipated. Nearly 200 white civilians had been massacred while women had been raped and children had been cut down with their forests. Executions of the rural inhabitants of and around Shaba had been so widespread, but at least 200 black civilians fell during the fighting as well. It was against the white "colonialist" Europeans, however, that the anger of the invading rebels was directed. After the battle observers found snatched piles of white bodies scattered throughout the region and a Belgian priest who had witnessed some of the killings commented: "Oh my God, it was so horrific and awful."

The whole tragic saga began with the invasion of Shaba by Lunda tribesmen based in neighboring Angola. Tribal skirmishes are virtually unknown in most of the various groups in much of Africa but this one, blowing up what was once the Congo, the same area in which the world's early 1960s quickly focused on a spread of sigmoiditis.

Shaba is one of the world's richest and

most accessible sources of copper, mined principally by Belgian, French and other Europeans. They had all of those tendencies to act as protectors for their huge investments as well as their staffs. When the Lunda invasion began Western European governments suddenly found themselves under intense human pressure to respond to Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko's plea for help, especially after reports that the rebels had launched a "French-hour." Officials in Paris, Brussels, London and Washington began reeling in learned around-the-clock discussions with fears being expressed privately that Cuban troops who have been active in campaigns throughout southern Africa might be behind the latest uprising even though Cuban President Fidel Castro was quick to assure Washington that this was untrue.

In the meantime the Lunda rebels were pressing their attack, setting the town of Kolwezi, one of the main Shaba population centers, digging in on the periphery

A map of Zaire for Foreign Service officials showing the Shaba (in red) and Zaire troops at Kolwezi (in blue). (Inset shows) (Inset shows)



taking white hostages and posing a serious threat to the 3,000 Europeans as well as some 100 Americans and a handful of Caucasians (all of whom were reported safe) in the region. Suddenly with the blessing and fairly direct aid of President Jimmy Carter, the French and Belgian governments decided to do it. The Belgian forces numbered 1,700 troops in 500 vehicles. French forces in 400 commandos based in Cameroun, America and Britain soon imported ammunition, medical supplies and fuel.

French paratroopers were the first to arrive on the scene, jumping out smoke-filled Kolwezi on the third of October and the incessant rattle of heavy automatic weapons fire. Within a day the area was cleared of rebels, the local air base secured and an escape route established. Only then did the full horror of the situation begin to emerge.

For Zaire the economic hope of generally unopposed Zaire, it was the second attack in 14 months on the Lunda, aiming to take control of the province and declare an independent state—a goal the rebels had failed to attain the previous month.

Meanwhile, the world crowded into European and American studios and classrooms for front-line. The U.S. State Department, for example, maintained to insist that Cuban forces were somehow behind the Lunda attack and that the invading rebels were armed with Soviet weapons. The Cubans were silent; in their details although Cuba has openly acknowledged that its forces have been active in other African junta, such as Mengistuah and Angolan Nationalists, observers in Washington were at a loss to explain why President Carter would risk poisoning his international relations with Castroism at his earliest. That Cuba's 30,000-strong military presence in Africa was an important factor in the latest round?

At the same time, while the Belgians gave every indication of wanting to withdraw, the French, despite their own losses, were oblivious. Many observers believe France now is anxious to regain some of the empire it lost in Africa during the last 20 years as the old French colonial system collapsed and that would be almost any excuse to get more involved in the continent. From Washington's point of view, any further involvement of white powers in Africa would simply add to the bewilderment of trying to bring a measure of stability to the sending continent. But it is the history tragedy of Shaba which the world will remember and gives its frightening magnitude lessons in big power diplomacy like in comparison

## HUNGARY

### Moving West

Along the railway line from Yenan to Budapest Hungarian soldiers in uniform are busily building more links with the West—new railway tracks and a parallel

highway. Notas visible but equally indicative of the shift of direction have been the recent back-room negotiations which may be partly to blame for the fact that Hungary has the highest suicide rate in the world by far, more young people under 25 now the first suicide rates from no



Kadar (left) and Mazsust against backdrop of Budapest: breaking from the past

More than anyone else, Nemeth is a symbol of Hungary's new economic orientation to the West and of growing independence from Moscow. His rise marks the emergence of a generation of Hungarians who barely remember the Stalin era and who have seen Soviet influence ebb. Even Kadar has no scruples for calling in the Russian troops who still ring Budapest, one hour's invasion time from the city's center. Instead he is ashamed for holding up the health-care economy of any of the Eastern European satellites. With Nemeth's departure and a former butcher's appointment, Hungary seems on the verge of breaking from the past again.

For the past four years, Nemeth has had the delicate task of making innovations to revitalize the country's sagging economy without straying too far from socialist party doctrine and antagonizing Russia. So far he seems to have succeeded. Since no other country in the Soviet Bloc is as dependent on foreign trade, the state has had to loosen reigns of the monopoly and allow private income to creep back in to remain competitive. A government survey of 10 million firms in travel and which Western television Hungarian compare their

standard of living with rich neighbors like Austria, not other Communist countries. But that is, in turn, results in social pressures which may be partly to blame for the fact that Hungary has the highest suicide rate in the world by far, more young people under 25 now the first suicide rates from no

### fiction disease

As now, not having a joint membership card. Recently, only government individuals in one member of communism were removed while a wage differential started to make its appearance. Individual managers of industrial and agricultural concerns are largely undisciplined and increasingly anti-Soviet. In the West, however, they say the capitalist cannot of more interest to hire more productive workers, from competitors and although most of the farming is done on state-controlled co-operative farms about 40 per cent of the domestic agricultural produce comes from privately held family plots. (Even religious "the organ of the masses" is being tolerated. Last year, Cardinal Karolyi the first Communist not first secretary to visit the Pope.)

Hungary's big problem however continues to be a shortage of manpower, made worse by a persistently low birthrate. Women, who make up 40 per cent of the work force, are being begged to have children, along with offers of good levels of absence. Couples are given leave to be married if they do not produce the progeny. But it remains to be seen whether Hungarians continue to want the fast tempo between East and West. In Nemeth however, they will find a pragmatist policy-maker who likely

# Justice

## Rape: the word may go, the violence remains

For \$6 and a smile, the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre will sell you a T-shirt. Six dollars may be a lot for a centre of Christian concern, but the shirts should cost easily, the charity says, by lowering margins. No Means No. Simple, in the pocket and no unnecessary words, just female straightforwardness. Indeed, those words are far more than a tiny example of mid-feminist humour. In a curious way, they go to the heart of the feminist culture of rape: a subject Canadians have chosen to consider anew this month, on the dubious wake of Bill C-32.

Stripped of legalism, C-32 proposes to remove the word *rape* from the criminal vocabulary. Instead, accused rapists would be charged with *indecent assault*, punishable by up to 14 years in prison or aggravated indecent assault, carrying a maximum life penalty. As in the past, a man could not be charged with raping his wife—if she lived with him. But if the couple were separated, a charge could now be laid.

For the moment, C-32 is simply a draft proposal, a kind of white paper on rape, in which Justice Minister Ron MacLean has invited response. That is unquestionably a good thing because, in the view of those most involved with the new legislation, Canada's most important advocacy group—women's groups—MacLean's proposal fails for short of inadequacy, or even ignominy, reform. To understand the movement for rape law reform, it is necessary to know three principal facts: that most rapes are never reported; that the best statistics suggest that between 30 and 40 men can reach the point at which few reported rapes survive the arduous journey from police investigation to courtroom; and that fewer still yield conviction. Such facts do not inspire ready-made faith in the judicial system.

The acquittal rate is high because the victim often needs so much acceding to the offender. She has entered the rapist's bed-hall. She has shared a drink in a dark tavern with an absolute stranger. She has accepted a ride, invited him back to her apartment. A male has, through the defendant's free movements of seduction and/or resistance, if not reasonable to infer, sexual defiance. In other words, the women's groups insist, in order to prove that the rape was not only the product of his guilty consciousness, if the victim already knows the rapist, the odds on conviction are even lower.

But the 1975 amendments had unenviable implications. Many judges continued to apply the law's strict interpretation to the defense. Offenders obeyed the letter of the law, but permitted some leeway in the spirit of proportionality. The victims who had planned with their obviously unwilling male companion an unconvincing witness and angry defences were acquitted by consensus. The defendant pleaded: "How bad to know she

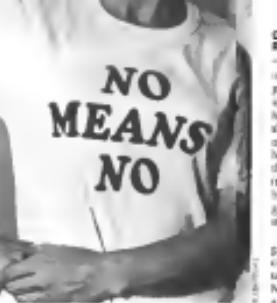
really objected." Only a few weeks ago, New York state's Supreme Court overturned a guilty conviction of rape, arguing that the word *rape* in the statute might have been considered by the accused as "an invitation for her to say what she did."

The second goal of Canada's 25 rape crisis centres, the National Action Committee and the Advisory Council on the Status of Women has been to make rape an assault like any other. If rape is not a sexual offence, but common assault, then consent is no defense. "Or at least, the onus is then on defence counsel to prove that there was consent," argues Linda Clark, coauthor of *The Price of Consent: Sensitivity*, one of the best analyses of the subject yet published. "No" it stands, the onus is on the victim to prove she did not consent."

And where there is no acknowledging evidence of struggle or violence, rape trials often end in the word of one against the word of another, a kind of credibility衡。 Historically the victim's character became the target of fresh assault. Her prior sexual behavior was paraded before the jury. A woman who had slept with five men, it was argued, had probably agreed to sleep with a sixth. Under Criminal Code amendments passed in 1976 such parades were categorically forbidden—except if the witness had had relations with the accused or where the judge ruled her sexual history pertinent to the case.

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The new federal proposals have



Chase (below) counselling a victim at Rape Crisis Centre: a move by orgs name

is no longer a factor, the women insist and prove she was forced, or whatever against her will?" Adds Clark, now drafting her response to the amendments on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. "It's a quantum leap in the right direction. But they haven't changed the consent concept. It may make a claim that consent cannot be inferred from lack of resistance, this would be a significant limitation on Canadian legal theory." High profile but coached strategy in the meantime.

Clark's position is echoed by women's groups everywhere. That is good, but we can do better. Other parties are not so sure to support it. Sen. Pauline L. DiManno, now retired from the law faculty at the University of Toronto: "Frankly,

I'm confused. I mean it's a Liberal re-grabbing device, aimed at the women. I don't understand what's wrong with the law as it stands. I've never accepted the proposition that the woman can put on trial. If that were true, the jury's sympathies would go out there and there would be more convictions. I can't see that proposal having any real effect except to put more cases in the Court of Appeal."

But enough is the past when you were permitted to investigate her moral character in front of this jury," says Marni Manning, the Toronto lawyer who engineered the women's change of "Rape" Street back to "Sexual Assault." "It's time to go into the court and just consider the evidence." My lord, I just let you see that the victim was disturbed. We had her in, to go off into the dead of night with this other stranger? Or possibly? That woman is a淫荡淫荡. Your Honor, I submit she had an unconstitutional desire to be violated."

The content of the draft code may be incomprehensible, says Manning, but it has raised the issue. "It'll cause more harm for the victim than we've ever seen before. If the women are happy with this, they've got a surprise coming." Manning's own suggestion: Delete all reference to psychological damage and let the judge determine the penalty on proportion to the harm caused. Certainly guilt or innocence should not be decided by the degree of suffering, either the actual or assumed or if it did not.

The women are hopeful that, having taken this step, MacLean will go further—at least as far as eradicating the notion that the law is meant to test testimony to consist. That hopefully he will, says a senior clinician from a women's group: "That's a possibility, that's a strong argument."

But Ottawa's Melly places further curb on the defense's right to make prior complaint. The evidence of sexual is too high. While juries are notoriously partial to the accused, some defendants are generally innocent. Ada Utzona Crown attorney Paul Orlansky: "Are we going to send somebody to jail for 14 years without full examination?"

These arguments and more will be presented when the House Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs convenes to examine the bill—probably in the fall. For now, C-32 proposes many alterations to wonder why it was ever introduced, especially with the federal Law Reform Commission's working paper on sexual offenses only weeks away from delivery. With a general election in sight, the timing is perfect.

Whatever the outcome, there is wide consensus on the bill's inadequacy. Ottawa gives a year at the word and left the rest intact. The women's groups believe that changing the law sooner or later changes public opinion. That remains to be seen, maybe as the law's palindromes whatever way it's read, it comes out the same. For the moment, the gender T-shirts have more impact. No. Marni No, there's no mistaking what they say. MICHAEL POLLER



Belinda Yeager and Ellen Aggett act out rape scenes in Toronto demonstrating for tougher legislation (above) and Clark (right) called for support for new Bill



possible to convert—and create more of these male body projects known as rape crusaders."

Even prosecution are responding to Barrad's performance with very mixed reviews. "Rape is an aggressive assault and the previous emphasis on penetration was an artificial one," notes Giselle Crown counsel Howard Martin. "On the other hand, perhaps she [Barrad] hasn't been given enough time to work themselves over in their self-delusion, they're doing a really good job."

The aggravated indecent assault section of the revised code, which includes "penetration of sex body parts" plus permitting for the first time prosecution of homosexual rape is equally perplexing. To prove the charge, the Crown will have to demonstrate "severe physical or psychological damage"—no doubt evoking expert testimony from psychiatrists to assess the after-effects of emotional trauma. But what constitutes severe psychological damage?

Whom is the party to believe when the defense summons its own experts to contradict the Crown or to suggest that the woman can have been a fragile commodity before the event? Will rape trials descend into running battles between the defendants of Jung and Freud, with juries disconcerted by the frequency of renewals on Violence prescriptions?

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But Ottawa's Melly places further curb on the defense's right to make prior complaint. The evidence of sexual is too high. While juries are notoriously partial to the accused, some defendants are generally innocent. Ada Utzona Crown attorney Paul Orlansky: "Are we going to send somebody to jail for 14 years without full examination?"

These arguments and more will be presented when the House Standing Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs convenes to examine the bill—probably in the fall. For now, C-32 proposes many alterations to wonder why it was ever introduced, especially with the federal Law Reform Commission's working paper on sexual offenses only weeks away from delivery. With a general election in sight, the timing is perfect.

Whatever the outcome, there is wide consensus on the bill's inadequacy. Ottawa gives a year at the word and left the rest intact. The women's groups believe that changing the law sooner or later changes public opinion. That remains to be seen, maybe as the law's palindromes whatever way it's read, it comes out the same. For the moment, the gender T-shirts have more impact. No. Marni No, there's no mistaking what they say. MICHAEL POLLER

# People



Simon Madden: stamp

When Carly Simon put her thumb to the eye of much-loved singer over with the 1972 hit single *You're So Fine*, she started a minor fad about which of her many high-profile lovers had imagined the song. (Music industry people have long tipped Warren Beatty for that early distinction.) It was around that time, after years of flitting from man to man, that she hooked up with and married rock pop rock singer James Taylor, whom she left him his beard bald and got domestic producing two children (Sasha, 4, and Carolyn, 15 months), along with seven gold albums. With the release of her latest discs in the 'Tree' she continues a tradition of releasing albums closer together that has set a generation of male album-buyers square. Still Fonda and now, after four years of Westchester pent with Simon, looking like a laudable virgin. Unfortunately, she also suffers from a case of stage nerves never



Michael MacLean: for the memories

put them in the Sunday *Post* slot beginning June 11 to be made up of thematically similar portions of three years worth of MacLean's 30 remain. Simon MacLean's last job for CTV is to do the introducing. It's no bad "I want to be alone" already belongs to Greta Garbo because these days Margaret Trudeau—who has had a New York press agent—would give it more



Margaret Garbo: grumble

image. Recently, *Weekend Magazine* happened to celebrate April Fool's Day by running a spoof obituary excerpt with虚构 Margaret's Montreal lawyer, Madeline Lazarus. As a number of intelligent people believed she wrote: "Not wanting her name spoken, though when interviewed of course, Margaret demanded a notation which according to Lazarus, was released, and she may be about to begin court proceedings for libelation in other major New England and MacLean's assault, seems too worried, however. Anybody who has a press agent cannot be said to be seeking publicity," MacLean says. "She's in the public domain, and she's there by chance."

Randy has a Canadian open company been more influenced by the personalities of its artistic director than the Vancouver Opera Association has by itself elegantly giving Richard Bonynge (pronounced bon-ee-ning) until now that in this fall, the VOA's Bayreuth Spectre will be to include the mezzo, face of Gluck's *Daphne et Eros* and Antoinette Thielemann. Instead, reports a tight VOA press release, it will now be featuring the maturing and popular Alida Casals and La Traviata. With the change comes a demotion for Bonynge in something called executive artistic director and a halving of his financial stipend. This follows the board had to issue him fat when the company required three operas as a five-week tour, including a shooting gallery with soprano Anna Stenmark. The reason? Because Le Bonynge, whom he'd been engaged for 10 years, which hadn't been performed for 10 years. Vancouver opera fans were not impressed and the final curtain rang down on a \$400,000 loss for the season and the end of the Bayreuth episode.

# Business

## Leaving the foxes in charge of the chickens?

In the late 1960s, the business establishment suffered two major government reforms: one by the Carter commission on tax reform and the other by the Economic Council of Canada on competition policy. According to Kenneth Carter, Carter recommended among other things, among capital gains, while the former wanted a federal minimum corporate tax for foreign-owned companies that embedded the Power Corp merger had it taken place would no longer have been "detrimental to the public interest".

The commission's report recommended all big business traditional cracks were to be closed. Ed Broadbent, for one, was prompted to suggest that Canada's big corporations be required to contribute the equivalent of the \$3 million "misspent" in producing this



been handed some support in the form of yet another government study—the report of the Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration.

The commission was appointed by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in 1975 after the aborted bid by Power Corp. the Montreal-based conglomerate to take over Argus Corp., a Toronto-based metal producer. After four years of Chairman Robert Bryce for both reasons, the commission concluded at Robert Dickson, a Vancouver corporate lawyer and Pierre Trudeau's president of Petrofina Canada Ltd., a Belgian-owned oil company (Petrofina has been interviewed once in 1974 for its corporate concentration

overhaul 23 pages in the 480-page report and initiate other specific discussions there is no broad study round tripped.

To contrast the Carter commission with its approach of 20 lawyers, accountants and economists spent five years studying the problems surrounding capital gains and corporate income taxes and decided both were necessary. Ironically Dickson worked for Carter and Bryce, as deputy minister of finance sheltered the capital gains tax and other reforms from law they who had no hand in writing the new report on corporate concentration.

positive position and was fixed \$15,000, and it is now under investigation along with seven other oil companies for allegedly conspiring to fix prices. Nadir is also on the board of the Royal Bank, which provided Power Corp. with the money for its attempted purchase of Argus. On Nadir's own board at Pernambuco Petrol Trust, a division of Power Corp. as well. Indeed he is chairman of Power Corp's

The scope of the commission's study was, however, a surprise. The commission had earlier been asked not expected to study Canada's tax framework, yet it memo presented recommendations supported the scrapping of capital gains and corporate income taxes. The first recommendation, "as an attempt to highlight the issues involved." The chapter on taxation,

refined any comment on its findings. It is most unlikely the commission's recommendations on taxation will be adopted by the government.

The most significant is the commission's attack on the proposed tribunal to screen mergers. First recommended by the economic review in 1969. Unlike the capital gains tax, the tribunal has not yet been set up. Mergers in the business community are growing indexes are still draft with the final critical law, and there has been only one conviction in the 25 years that it has been on the books. Legislation is established a tribunal that would screen mergers has been around Ottawa since 1971 in the form of the Competition Bill but has encountered a withering business lobby and has never been passed. The government, not wanting to alienate the business community any further, is said to have dropped the bill and the royal commission report may give it the excuse it needs.

The commission concludes that Canadian industry is already highly concentrated, more so than in the United States. That argues that concentration should be accepted—and even encouraged—in the interests of making Canadian industry more efficient, innovative and competitive. The conclusions act of a minor revolt on the part of the commission, but cannot be several members quite as dogmatic as its staffer. "The government needs to do more to ignore the evidence, and draw their own conclusions."

In parts, the report of the commission reads like a paper by John Kenneth Galbraith, the Canadian born Harvard economist who argues that industry must be concentrated to undertake the risk and expense of pioneering for the future. But the commissioners only goes halfway with Galbraith. It does not accept his remedy of permanent wage-price controls to protect consumers against gouging. Says Nadeau: "The consumer is overprotected."

The report is not entirely one-sided.

It does come out in favor of more disclosure by corporations about their operations, although it goes short of recommending that executive salaries be made public as they are in the United States. It also argues for greater access for people who want to consider the so-called "advocacy advertising" of such companies as Imperial Oil which has flooded the country with commercials touting Canadian oil as "the big, tough experience of developing power...incredibly strong," and the like. The report of the banks and savings for more transparency and disclosure is a recommendation the government anticipated in the new Bank Act introduced this month. But these observations are largely lost in a report that concludes big business is good and bigger business is even better.

## Sports

### Not in Canada, you say? Pity

It was a noisy, boisterous conference in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, with everyone shouting and giving each other lots of high fives. Paul dePodesta, the legendary master of ceremonies at soccer's Peñalber tournament, had just finished a press conference in the days of many of the world's best soccer stars escaped—hardly a week previously. For the World Cup of soccer tournaments not only—Gerd Müller—but even the Olympics boasting a television audience substantially over a billion—fully one quarter of the earth's population. The global television was simply inundated during the previous four years by a bushy, curly-topped Scotman, which in hand, had captured a surprised Peñalber in

Reuson reported, bought a homemade television and sat in it in Japan. If they state of houses, where the games are once again transmitted on home TV, Canadian fans will have to turn to travel abroad if they want to see the opening events. Kelly, perhaps reflecting the thoughts of many other soccer nuts, is more concerned about the bombing threat than the football.

Fans in over 100 countries will be glued to TV sets for every match—but not in North America, where the games are once more unavailable on home TV. Canadian fans will have to turn to travel abroad if they want to see the opening events. They'll get

Peñalber promoting a real world series



tearful and exclaiming: "You see how it's made?" Scotland had put the grand in Great Britain. We'll let you South Americans do the maths and the tongue. We'll play the football, mate!"

It's the game of soccer that North Americans know as soccer and the rest of the world calls football (and which explains the world's most popular sport). The year dreamt competition for Endeavor—queer Alonso—1978—the World Cup—is hardly an ordinary event. For 25 days beginning June 1 an army of 352 soccer teams from the 16 countries that have made it through to the final round will battle it out in six Argentinian cities. More than one million fans have been booked for the 100 matches that are coming from far afield to Scotland (Brazil's sole representative) from West Germany and Mexico.

Indeed, shortly after Scotland qualified for the finals last year by beating the now-extinct East African Republic, Czechoslovakia qualified by playing two semi-set out for Buenos Aires on bicycles. Two others

up to \$20 a seat on June 25, when the top two teams at the 16 finalists will meet to decide the 11th World Cup. Three-times winner Brazil, nevertheless, West Germany, Argentina, Holland, France and Scotland may be reliably expected to scribble for a spot in the final. Two of the favorites and the equals from '74, West Germany and Holland, are each lacking their captain and star. Holland's John Cruijff has apparently announced his retirement (at age 31) on the eve of the finals and West Germany's Franz Beckenbauer, arguably the world's best player, was unable to obtain his release from the North American Soccer League team, the New York Cosmos.

Peñalber will be a TV commentator in Argentina, and Brazil and Argentina will make the final (no European team has ever won the World Cup in South America) with Brazil winning the day. To which the by-now-hardly-seller Scotman in the crowd harrumphed his reply: "Aye! But what do we know about her?" ■ **ROB BODDIE**

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# Lifestyles

## Let the good times roll

Zero gravity is what they're aiming for, wheels turning to make the weightless feeling like rock, pushing their cameras into their mouths. Skateboarders have had to find their equilibrium, riding them in an empty swimming pool, speeding down a parking lot ramp, riding the curve of a concrete splash. They've mastered the stunts and are looking for new surfaces to conquer the perfect ride. The challenge is being met by the designers and builders of skateboard parks, little Disneylands built of wood and tubes, pipes, snake runs and drop bowls that simulate the best of the old hills and add new twists of their own. Canada's newest park has just opened in Calgary. By the end of the year, a dozen more should be testing the skills of skateboarders across the country.

Farther east on the coast, with a bit of scooter thrown in, skateboarders have been around for a long time. The first ones began in the late 1940s when children attached roller-skate wheels to pieces of wood and rolled down driveways—mainly falling off. But play didn't become sport until 1970, when California's Frank Nasworthy invented kickback wheels that made it truer to the small emergencies in

skating reflexes, allowing for creative maneuverability—swirling on wheels. Since then the technology has boomed. The \$3 "dunker" that pleased the 500' child can cost up to \$200 today and a merely adequate board is \$40. Like stars, skateboarders tend to upgrade their equipment as often as possible. For a teen-ager, no half-a-dozen boards to visit different surfaces.

The blossoming of segments in a sport because industry—is a big way. A report on June's Today show estimated that 1978 U.S. gross sales of skateboards and their accessories will reach \$1 billion. The giant American toy industry granted about \$2.5 million last year, acknowledging just how well it is represented in 40 percent of stores. A study by *Skateboard Magazine*, one of the fastest growing publications in the United States, claims that each upper-middle-class American family owns two skateboards, a market potential previously achieved only by television appliances and automobiles.

The entrepreneurs of the industry are building skateboard parks as fast as they can point outside. An estimated 200 have opened in the United States since the first wheelchair in June 1976—125 of them in the last year. If the present growth rate of two per week continues to 10, as builders predict, a full America will have paved enough land for 2,000 skateboard parks by 1985. Although Canada can't match the U.S. board or park for park (20 from American kids practice the up and down of skateboarding), Canadian home owners are keeping their share of profits and contributing to an already awesome technology. The first skateboard park in the world was designed and built by Toronto's horn Chuck Crismon on his property at Port Orange, Florida. President Skateland Productions, Sonny Cech, One Love is marketing quality parks in North America. France and Germany Partners Mc Donald and Monely Wright saw the profit rates of their \$100,000 investment give \$300,000 in sales, by early April last, less six months after they opened shop. Ontario Skatedeck Parks—the company that opened the first park in the East, at Markham, Ontario—had developed a one-up approach giving the trucks and improves skating surfaces and eliminates unnecessary one-use pads.

And two young Toronto businessmen are cashing in on what may be the most important reservation since the airplane

Paul Hayes, 18, is an "artist" at Markham skateboard park and (opposite) Tim Taphouse, 20, "whipin'" at Bideford's Superdeck. Always more surfaces to conquer



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**Skatepark 1 owner Michael Jackson with demonstrator showing off 'Mic-Jack' on mobile display ramp specifically designed for skating.**

whether a 50-ft-long skateboard park. National Building Systems, owned by lawyer John Alexander Smith and former skateboarder Karel Rybka, has designed a park whose modular sections can be erected in a week. The core of the innovation is a concrete-based product they call "Skatecrete." An inch-thick layer is as strong as a standard asphalt paving surface, and the slab can be moulded to weigh 90 per cent less than regular concrete. Skatecrete's strength and lightness are what make the park's landscapes literally possible to shape.

National Building System's success has been instantaneous. Entrepreneurs looking to cash in on a growth industry approach the same-saving, turn-filling advantage of the park kids. The first year's output of over 12,000 square-foot Toronto factory has been gonzo. By year's end Smith and Rybka plan to build two more factories

globes through supports on a honeycomb aluminum board) and his sensitive touch acquaintances in the bank for park owners who has built or designed 15 park outposts in the U.S. and in planning 70 more for 1979, 50 more in Canada.

Through his dozen local partners as fast as he can, Compo, the skater skateboarder has staying power. "We're at the ground floor of a huge opportunity," he grins. "Our market is worldwide." The sport has taken off July 1 by September; equipment models topped \$30 million and 52 parks were under construction. Word of mouth spreads the news, at the bidding of Calgary's Skatopia 1. I found out that sprang from India's day-tripped pros the construction was at 400 members, five of them over 40 had signed up before the Park's May 1 opening.

For parents reluctant to part with \$60 to buy their children a new improved way to break bones, the safety record of skateboard parks should be reassuring. Of 26 deaths in the sport since 1955 (all in the U.S.) none has happened in parks, where safety equipment—helmet, knee guards and elbow pads—and supervision is mandatory. Over half of all accidents occur on the streets, and one in four on a skateboard. Four on the streets, the park is apparently safer than a street. "The last 10 years there's been an increasing awareness of safety regulations," says Dr. Peggy Kirkpatrick, who conducted a comprehensive survey of skateboard and teenage accidents at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. In 35 days last winter, 50 children were brought into emergency after being burling the slopes. One child died. The June 10th regional skateboard competition took a lone survivor of 60 children injured only one, who had been hit by a car-requested extended hospital care. "They're both unstructured sports for the same age group," says Kirkpatrick, "so that skating develops agility. With skating all they get reinforced." The doctor likes the idea of skateboard parks. "We just keep trying to wrap it in certain wood. We just have to make sure we're off the streets, away from cars and in a safe place."

With parks now open in Vancouver, Burnaby, Kelowna, Calgary, Winnipeg, Brandon and Thunder Bay and negotiations or construction under way in every major Canadian city, it shouldn't be hard to keep skateboarders off the streets. Joe Compo expects the Canadian industry will continue to double its rate for at least the next three years, the skateboarders clearly not another hula hoop or yo-yo. Because Compo—who must have been feeling cautious about the astronomical market until he conquered—allowed some Japanese skateboarders to photograph his drawings and designs for some rooftop skateboard parks in Tokyo. "It probably wasn't a very good idea," he admits, but with the confidence of a new-aging hero adds, "We can easily be copied, but we're still the doers."

MARK MCKEEHAN

# Technology

## The next voice you see

People who are used to an everyday convenience hardly consider the telephone a tantalizing intrusion in off-hour communication. But for the deaf—who cannot simply pick up a phone at home and say they'll be late for dinner—the telephone has always been an unassimilable privilege of the hearing, locked away behind the sound barrier of their disability. The Ontario Ministry of the Deaf and Northern Research have recently put a huge task in that barrier. Last month they announced that 30 percent of the deaf nation will be provided telephone for the deaf. The Visual Ear will be ready for testing in September with a manufacturing set for late fall.

The perplexity of the new device is the key to its impact it should have on the 23,500 Canadians who are profoundly deaf. Roughly the size of a hardcover book and weighing about two pounds, the Visual Ear can be carried like a handbag and hooked up to any telephone. Each ear consists of a typewriter-style keyboard, a visual display strip, and a circuit that fits on a standard telephone handset. The caller

dials the number on his telephone, then places the handset on the Visual Ear's cradle. As the message rolls, the deaf person sees own and signals the incoming call with a flashing light. The deaf person answers the phone, drops the handset (again placing the phone in his Visual Ear's cradle) and types "Hello." That message is coded into notes that

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want on the telephone's standard voice channel. They are irritated by the receiving Ear and think inverse the visual display says "Hello".

The Visual Ear couldn't have come at a better time for the deaf community. The only telecommunication link they have been able to use is a system called TTY, developed in the United States in the early 1960s. TTY requires each home-owned equipment—an old telephone handset, a separate acoustic coupler and a premium unit for each telephone—that adds an extra few thousand per cent of Canadian deaf users to the backlog up to the network.

Until recently, TTY units were limited to fading garments and dictated an old machine. That's why it's become more and the costs of purchasing and adapting new ones are prohibitive. The cheapest new version it costs \$300—the featherweight Visual Ear will probably cost \$300.

Even that seems a lot to pay for a service that costs most people little, but Rev. and Rob Rumball of the Ontario Mission of the Deaf is sure that none of his parishioners will object. "If you'd been saving for close to 20 years to get absolute machinery like the TTY and something like this came in the market, you'd buy it." A former Univa Rough Rider who moved to preaching and working with the deaf in 1986, Rumball has rescued many deaf people sick or stranded after an accident with no way to get help. Three years ago he decided that the expertise necessary to design a fully portable telephone for the deaf must already exist. He found speech pathologist Van Douglas and two electronics engineers to help him come up with a working model.

Canadian Telephone Engineers, Cambridge, Ontario, which represents all 21 telephone networks in the country, heard about his model and, realizing its potential for the deaf, managed to persuade three government ministers to contribute \$500,000 in research funds. Bell-Northern was then commissioned to refine the device.

The government, the telephone companies and Rumball are all convinced that the Visual Ear can be a communication breakthrough for the deaf. With costs inexpensive enough to be installed in hospitals, police stations and fire departments, emergency help would be at an ear at the nearest telephone. The only people who remain to be sold are the deaf themselves. "They're a highly knit community," says Peter West, head of the Canadian Coordinating Council on Deafness. "Because they have an invisible handicap, they often feel the hearing world forgets them—day-to-day anything we offer." To that end, the council has given West's organization \$40,000 to an education effort. One of his goals is to promote the Visual Ear—to help transform the telephone into an instrument of communication. This doesn't discriminate against the deaf.

PAMELA ROBERTSON

# Science

## A heavenly flash of immortality

As he had done every clear night for the previous two months, Fred Moyer bent into the eyepiece of a 16-inch reflecting telescope and scanned the night sky above the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada's Ottawa observatory. He was looking for a wisp, a faint puff of luminous seven-year gas-and-dust tail of a comet's winter breath. A comet. Shortly after 8 p.m. on a clear night late last month, Moyer stopped scanning, drove home, told his parents and put in a call to the International Astronomical Union in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Within 24 hours the sighting was confirmed and the Comet Moyer became the first comet ever discovered from Canada.

My hope was that I was seeing it first and that there was long history in Japan and most of the United States where the other comet hunters are," said Moyer. "I'm an electrical engineer in the daylight hours. Everything was right for the sighting—the time, the weather, the location and the instruments. But it wasn't all luck. Moyer is one of Canada's most dedicated amateur astronomers and regarded by his colleagues as an excellent observer. When only five years old he asked why the moon has phases. "I can still remember the date of the summer I was born," he says.

"We have obviously no idea why it was observed by the subject." While at Clarkson University working for his degree in electrical engineering Moyer constipated away from the Ottawa club's telescope. "I'd stay up nights observing and photographing and then sleep through my classes the next day. As a result I almost failed at the observatory."

Moyer has never instrumentalized in the form of a flying mass of ice until in space lost a charged Moyer's life. "But it's hard to think of an answer," says Ward indeed. Even if other comet hunters using smaller telescopes had looked directly at Comet Moyer they wouldn't have been able to distinguish it from water. However the comet is plainly visible to the Hubble telescope—a pale oval dust and gas made recognizable by reflected sunlight.

Comets are trillion-spheres of frozen gas spattered with a gravelly mixture of dust and debris. They usually remain in the outer solar system beyond Pluto, the ninth distant planet. Occasionally, for reasons not entirely clear, they plough toward the inner solar system and begin to heat again in the fireball of the sun. Only when they do re-enter the sun, about the distances of the earth or closer, do comets become visible due to solar radiation melting their icy

extremes. The bright presence of sunlight is sufficient to except the uppermost atmosphere (at). Otherwise the comet has to be within a few million miles of the earth to be bright in the night sky. Calculations show that Comet Moyer is now more than toward us. Experts think it might be one of those rare comets that does reach naked eye visibility eventually when the happens. Comet Moyer will have travelled in a position for south to be seen in Canada.

Canada is believed to originate in a vast shell-shaped region encircling the solar system. The shell could easily contain billions of the frozen spheres. "They are probably material of the most fundamental nature representing the earliest stages

of the origin of the solar system—possibly just prior to the earth's own beginning," says Fred L. Whipple, former director of the Harvard Observatory. "It seems reasonable that they are provided material more precious than anything found in the inner solar system near either the sun or the planets."

Whipple is suggesting that the comet's flight and avoidance for so long that has prompted NASA, the U.S. space agency to propose the first mission to a comet. Ten years delayed for a launch in 1995 the spacecraft would intercept Hale-Bopp's comet in 1997 and then escort itself in space for examination at Comet Temple 2 in 1998. The mission is sparked high interest, mainly because Hale-Bopp's comet will be placed for earth observation. In Canada, it may not even be visible to the naked eye, unlike the last pass in 1910 when it was a spectacular nighttime sight—so important that bushmen were successful poaching "comet pills" to protect the gullible as the earth slept harmlessly through the "potato skins" of the comet's tail. TERESA BREKOWSKI



Moyer and telescope with his photo of his comet reward for an observer

# Books

## To Vonnegut and Heller, add John Irving

**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP**  
By John Irving  
Orion: \$19.95

It is the closest thing, emotionally speaking, to an anti-novelist Discourse on Garp, in which the cool, white-grown-and-strenuous of *Frome Mere* shaggy. His mother, Jenny Fields, is a woman who wants a child but loathes the nuisance of a husband. Her father, Terribled Sergeant Gary, having been lobotomized by shrapnel, is uninterested only in running "Garp" and masturbating. There is a clear consciousness of needs. The Terribled Sergeant, who's away his last days and Jenny Fields begins herself with child. Thus begins the life of T. S. Garp.

Irving, looking so the best school of American writing that has emerged since Fanny, millions and edged with black humor, writes like Vonnegut and

Joseph Heller have propounded readers into a giddy world based on the mirth of comedy and experience. Irvin's is three novels better than *Frome Mere*. The *(H)P* (Humanity Project) has now crept into suffuse their ranks. The story of T. S. Garp and Jenny Fields is a Bloody and rambling yet post-war American life. Jenny writer's auto-biography *A Small Simple* and her book name plan *Name Fields* into the married because of her menaces and sexual foibles. Her best friend becomes Roberta Macdonald, formerly Robert Macdonald, 225-pound tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles. Gary himself spends his life in losing battles with law and women struggles at the typewriter.

Irving delights with erred pride that loads plot, humor and characterization into a book as effortlessly readable as a pulp novel and as pointed as a Swindon lead. One wonders only whether, in a free rest of Garp's own, Irving will not be hoisted on the same point as the 1960-century American dream of *Fever Dream* or at when T. S. Garp tugs through the novel. In fact, Grillpanzer-like, Irving, wavy much as author of his likes. Authors who depict themselves as model and ideal in the period in which they had can find themselves a hundred years later in dispute the vagueness of the Highpoint of the Americas of *Rabbit, Run* and the *Great Sexual Confessions*. —BARRY LEVINE

### Travel with John

**CONVERSATIONS** The day of a world tour, the author sets across a divided and treacherous Canada

by John Atken

(Frontline \$17.95)

An Washington correspondent for the late Toronto Telegram, world-traveler John Atken had travelled extensively in the U.S. but had little knowledge of Canada west of St. John's, having by cross-country train at 30,000 feet. He had seen only "gookies" of Canada, not the real thing.

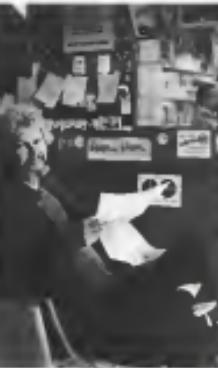
A Southern Press Fellowship changed all that. By late summer he had travelled 5,000 kilometers in less from British Columbia to Newfoundland, touring off the beaten track, along the way to round out his pretenses.

The book that resulted is a useful addition to the current burst of literary travelogues because it's the line of its kind that appear besides academic, journalistic and conversely it's likely to read. It contains a respectable number of pithy interviews, informed opinions and thoughtful editorials—enough to satisfy most serious readers—but Atken's pri-

sonal freakout also lends an appealing, almost prurient charm. We learn, for example, that he wears boxer shorts and can't sleep in a bed because he's "too long." Young girls are afraid of him, but a Calgary hooker looks him over with "inviting permission." Garp response? "Do you take Charge?" If such goings-on help to enlarge the book's reading in those traditional areas of literature and politics, then we're in for a really interesting lesson at the university of being found.

Most striking among Atken's findings is his certainty that "English Canada is drifting toward self-destructiveness." A "drift" toward self-destructiveness? A "drift"

### Atka's a country drifting no destination



**Suggested: Backlash to a longer history**

for one man (*Yossarian*, *Deathbed*) have gone into soldiering into irreversibility. So power, however, has the edge on lack of self-exploration.

An accusation of the first rank whether aimed with biting, eloquent, even erotic beauty (*Cougar 40+*) or discarded "older" women (*Asian at the Top*), she has arrived at the present (*Maisonne Rose*) with a face naturally, horrifically creased. Writing in a consecutive genre she makes when a blackcat is something, the comic more important

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- 1 *One Woman, Außerdem*
  - 2 *The Human Factor, Greene* (2)
  - 3 *Breakfast, Shatkin* (18)
  - 4 *The Hitlerite Covenant, Laddie* (7)
  - 5 *Sorceress, Asante*
  - 6 *The Thirsty Monk McCullough* (1)
  - 7 *One Man's War, Tolson* (4)
  - 8 *A Casual Father* (9)
  - 9 *The Honourable Schoolboy*, Le Guin
  - 10 *Act of God, Thompson* (2)
- HORNOPTION**
- 1 *Tortoise, Aristoteles* (3)
  - 2 *E.P. Taylor, Aschner* (2)
  - 3 *If Life is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pint?*, Aschner
  - 4 *The Complete Book of Fucking*, Frey
  - 5 *The Country Story of an Edwardian Lady*, Weston (2)
  - 6 *Thinking Your Own Thinking, Dyer*
  - 7 *The Code of Power, Hileman* (10)
  - 8 *My Mother, My Self, A Daughter's Memoir*, McCarthy, Molloy
  - 9 *All of Hitler's Children*, Koschek (7)
  - 10 *Dear Clark, A Portrait*, Hemphrey
- 1-3 Previous best-sellers  
Prepared with pre-publication  
Canadian Bestseller Award entries

than them. Likes, dislikes, whims and clichés aawards, the larger history is much a part of her past.

Perhaps that's why she looks back upon her childhood as a continuous carnival working on pastel colors, and she implies that nostalgia is only present for that self-reinforced little universe. When the rest of the carry world encroaches at one year old, she says, she simply reasons why the Nazis, the Cold War and Berlin, the Russian invasion of Eastern Europe, the French in Algeria, West Bank in 1968 after career in focused upon so no incident, taken up space and again at a childly self-reinforcing serial.

These are Schara-like sketches, a sketch of each nation when once a dangerous would do a tremendous judge-free love-hate to inflict that place for a good adult's painful talents. Other tangents, such as accounts of self-delusion, wide acting, and confessions of self-delusion and vanity, leave a cleaner ring to them. Or else they all end with: "I do remember saying a few things, but the experiments didn't get anywhere."

Blushed by irony, the book to cover Hitler, Siegfried's most commented performances seem to resonate as much from the outside as the consciousness inside. Nowhere, devoid of mystery, did us why

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**WaterPik**

# Show Business

The elegantly witty, utterly uncommon Miss Smith



Maggie Smith, loved by all but her

"I expect the Canadian audiences will be glad when I get out," said Maggie Smith. "Offensive remarks have entered in print or been made about it, like 'I expect they'll be frightened'—glad?" She gave a shy sideways look from under her heavy eyelids. The wince, both nasal and pained, is a striking peculiarity of all who hear it. For two seasons it has captivated audiences at Ontario's Stratford Festival, and now she is talking under considerable duress, in

has been acclaimed by many as the best British stage actress of her generation, was nominated for an Oscar for her performance as Red Taylor's money-seizing wife in *The Spiral* (1968) and won one for her role in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1969).

Smith was in Hollywood to co-star with Michael Caine in the movie version of Ned Seven's *Coldplay*. She spent much of her spare time visiting psychic medium Edith Piaf, shambling up the hotel elevators from guests who recruited her for the radical Maestra Vassula Ryden—“nobody can physically walk, but it was like they were walking” —and avoiding television talk shows as if they were the plague, their cameras as if they were viruses.

“I cannot do talk shows,” she says, in tones of flatting regret. “They devalue people, and I know I'd make an absolute idiot of myself.” It's not in the world of comedians of coping with a television audience. They come trundling in, in their charabancs and they sit down, and then you have to do something clever like sing a song or play the piano. As a person, you see, I'm not good. I'd go through other people's songs that one's able to create something.”

This Stratford season Maggie Smith—who in each of last four seasons she has on stage—will be appearing in *Macbeth At Ten Lake*, *Neil Gaiman's Private Lives*, and *Wences A Portrait of the Actress* by her second husband, Bevanley Cross. She now feels it is time for her to leave, but three seasons ago she narrated Stratford briefly. “It did a great deal for me—it was at a very bad period in my career, touring endlessly in *Private Lives* eight performances a week, month after month, and you just go to hell.” Most of your performances are dreadful—they have to be, because half the time you're making up shapings stories at your head.

Then came Robin Phillips, the Stratford Festival's new artistic director. He had come to lead what he called “a brilliant Off-Vic” and when she was phoned, the Coward play in Toronto called her in and asked if she would work at Stratford. “I desperately hoped she'd remember who I am,” Phillips remembers. She did; the offer was like a dream or a vision. “It's not just that Robin's incredibly enthusiastic,” Smith says. “He makes everybody do things you don't think you can do. And that's what I needed—to be back in the theatre for the right reasons, as opposed to going through the motions because I had to work.”

Possibly because she is obviously—almost certifiable—enigma and a major suspense to boot, Maggie Smith does not run the gauntlet of Canadian nationalism endorsed by Phillips. Still there have been let downs. Both to her and Phillips, along the polished and majestic lines of “Who should the consider role off the great parts when *Condoleezza* should be playing them?” Says Phillips: “For my part I found those letdowns

hard to answer in one sentence. How can one say exactly how much good she has done Canadian actors? [In fact] she has been a colossal help, as a result of her own plus the company's rights are much higher now than they ever deserved they could be set.” For her part Smith said she found each letdown mystifying, “very hurt” nonetheless. “That's why her performances are so remarkable,” says a member of the company. “She's so vulnerable.”

At the root of the vulnerability lies to be Maggie Smith's deep-seated distrust of Maggie Smith the person. She feels real, she says, only when on stage. “Then you can be absolutely certain of only for those hours who you are. I don't like myself very much. I'm not a nice person, I'm someone else. And no, I'm not the task I am as a person in the Hollywood community, because earlier another, the Stratford engineer who helped her give up smoking. This summer she intends to see the hypnotherapist again, to help her over her talk show and interview phobia which started at the hands of the British press around the breakup of her marriage to actor Robert Stephens in the early '90s.

One hopes she succeeds in slaying her dragon, if only that she may someday strip herself as others enjoy her. Maybe as Humphrey Bogart helped ease and satisfy an actor over his audience only a paid performance. Maggie Smith has been paying the debt for years. And on June 7 she walks on the Stratford stage as Lady Macbeth in the first of her final season's performances, doubtless repaying the debts again and finally for those honest feelings real, being absolutely certain who she is.

LOUISE FABRE/HANDOUT

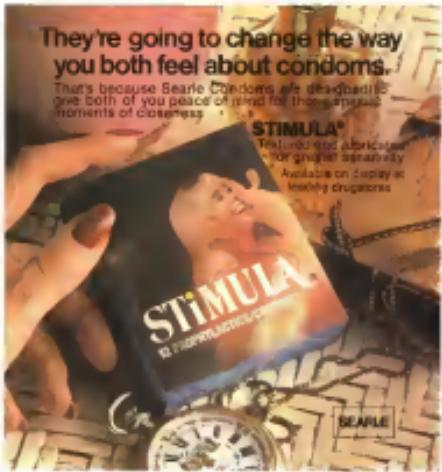
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**Television**

Nova Scotia Dreamin'

He's fit now, and bearded, and speaks of the amount of bravado and insecurity of a man who's scolded the heights of show business but has recently been exploring the valleys. "You can tell them from me," Denny Doherty is saying. "Thomas Wolfe was full of it. You can go mad again. Beavis, Edgar Cayce, the psychic said that Halifax is one of the dozen most crystal stations on earth."

In the mid-80s when The Mamas and The Papas were riding high with massive hits like California Dreamin' and Monday, Monday, Doherty was the best-known Haligonian on earth. Now 21, he's back in Halifax where he's just finished taping Denny's Show—a series of 12 half-hour live-to-tape programs over the CBC next week starting June 1. The first show, well packed, good-humored and highly personal, should be a treat for all his back-patting Howlin' Nostalgia fans. The 86-year-old Howard and his mother, Eddie Phillips, the other surviving members of the original four-piece. Ten years after they disbanded, they still sound amazingly sharp and lyrical by a seven-piece band and three backup singers to provide music for the passage of time and the passing of Cass Elliot. Come the 250th Mass, which will be the last one of them all and end with a bang, we'll be having a hand sandwich in

Dobrev (left) helping others with Maria, Michelle and Paris. John you can go home!



often by way of great generosity to his friends.

a London hotel in 1974. Siyta's son and Doherty "Cass is getting her final revenge—the comes in the middle of the night and feeds me."

Twenty years and some 50 pounds ago, Dorothy was a skinny kid working in a pawnshop by day, waging with The Hips by night. He got backliners in 1980 "with 80 tracks and a suitcase." Five years later a complex network of musical marriages and divorces, The Hips and The Pugs were founded—so fast for an underground crew that Dorothy says "it was like being on jet fuel albums and 30 percent appreciation," says Dorothy. "We break up in 1984 because we'd gone as far as we could go."

Since then John Phillips has become a few stars (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*) and crashed an royalists, former wife Michelle made the odd movie (*Valentine, April*) and adorns the gossip pages (*Warren Beatty, Jack Palance*). Dolman's style has been more good-old-Canadian-boy. When the other fella's looked around Howard Hesky's house, they saw a Auto-Mart (Casey Kasem), a house full of Pets, and Michael Jackson.

After a year of silence, he's back with a new edition of *The Big Book*, which will be shot in Canada this summer. In England, Doherty is already negotiating with John Lewis and the Rolling Stones' Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. Edgar Edgette's popular ramblings have become a cult classic; his new book, *These People* (Ballantine), is due in June.

### **From Hyde Park Corner to control rooms: the upward rise of cranks**

Column by Barbara Amiel

My primary-school teacher in Baghdad was compelled by three educational goals that the young ladies in her charge should remain forever chaste and dedicated to submitting the pursuit of perfect handwriting.

and firmly' that the obscenity of being left-handed should be cured quickly by tying our left arm behind the back. (This should not be inferred at by Canada's progressive thinkers. Thanks to Miss Graham, today I am not embarrassed and can also perform some actions of extreme difficulty

In London, Mr. Brabourne's accusations were refuted. However by the devotion she exhibited in her students for the imitation of his speech upon which had been based her title by London's Hyde Park Central speech course and all last year I revisited the spot. A horrid general proposed restraining us so as to focus in favorably on the other side of Hyde Park, but his suggestion seemed to make about as much sense as any other management policy I've heard of lately and was very soundly ground with much assistance by the sharper men in his audience.

Today, our age of instant communication has extended the speak-out-to-open-line message shares letters-to-the-editor

of excitement at the prospect of a Trial including the views of free men and women brought together to discuss the issues of that time. Come, let us *make* together.

I had suggested a program dealing with several proposals to license parents according to their ability to raise children. None of the would-be-regulators behind these plans was "available" to comment on the air and explain how society would get parents and/or nutrition laws controlled before

10.000 m² mit einer kompletten Bepflanzung

A political cartoon by Garry Trudeau. It features a man with a large head and a speech bubble that reads: "ing incident" "In so doing, I'm thinking in mind, the program fixer's advice. The producer fixer me the program fixer, and all of the crew and moon picked up an interview. That is a hard-hitting town. Call him 'no-nonsense' no-nonsense." To his right, a woman with a speech bubble says: "Towson students from the class I was filled with an aching despair. The hot shot psychologists from Cambridge refused to recognize any distinction between children and adults. La slave to make business. Flashing lights and scribbled signs was having difficulty distinguishing any adult symptoms in myself. Then it all came flushed through from a wind-up with some common

impregnation. "I've tried everyone," said the show's producer with an edge of despair in her voice. "You're a good lady." I replied placidly. "Don't you call me 'lady,'" she snapped. "I'm a woman." It began to seem like trouble ahead.

"What we do is to show on Children's television—numbered the women-producer of the year." "I did it five years ago in radio in London, Ontario—I always was ahead of my time—and people just flipped when I talked about a child's right to sexual freedom and permitted pleasure. You know how conservative these small towns are."

"I don't know much about the topic," I replied bluntly. "Don't worry," she said.  
"Just read out the Bill of Rights for kids and the telephone lights will light up like Christmas trees." I was so taken aback by her response that I had to re-examine our definition of cracks in society.  
"No one can conclude from the above that I have lived it out some," I said. "I have learned a lot since then, though. Could modern nutrition and medical care have operated upon the maturing processes of the brain?" Could

# The crowning of a new Messiah for the party of Alma, Ezra and Alf

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The salvation of Canada is in an unassisted Whore sophisticated corruption works other ways our corruption is only of the soul. Where debauchery and lechery may otherwise seem our survival is based on end-all-father.

To encompass the two we venture to Winnipeg, the garlic capital of the world. To the west we found the remains of that man, Franklin D. Roosevelt, head of democratic politicians, the fresh smell of the national income Social Credit. This is nothing in Canada like a Social Credit revival here. There is nothing anywhere like Social Credit. They are unique, they are embossed; they are true believers and they are all our own. We have the patent and the copyright. They are willed to us alone.

It is a belief of tormented psyches, banishment, small people who go to their pillows comfort in the knowledge the system is rigged against them, secure in the faith that only their economic misfortune can be imposed on the same national monetary system, big would sing and implement, in bank auditions and advice, that would be humanly impossible. They are the Holy Rollers of the godless who believe in accusations, can denounce with death and redemption. Only the Lord can de-stimulate Major Douglas, inventor of the A + B Theorem—and we've seen. The spirituality of the dispensary is almost ordinariness.

Wrapping strangles out of winter like a hibernating, the heat shaking, the dust from bare trees. Old women skin faces, call squatting from the onslaught of nature stand on street corners bouldered under bus-burdens. The sit and shoves of winter still forces the timid, small boys squat about on bicycles as if released from the tomb. Beside each Gothic Bible in the Holiday Inn rooms is a plastic statuette in the bowls of the Winnipeg Community Centre the faded remnants of the Social fair gather for their seasonal pact in blood.

These are people without faces, blind to the contours of the Alberta Christian Soldier. The immovable borders must be set to meet. Sunday goes to the washing clothes, high-rise barrelets, a woman in a pink straw hat. A thin man with a pipe, wearing a white pith helmet that reads "Every Canadian Is A Social Creditor At Heart, I Will Never Really Own This Hat Until Our National Debt Has Been Paid."

Oh! Faces make up conventions. These are current suffering faces. There is even of the backslapping, fat-cat Liberal amateur, nose of the aloof Tory intellectual, none of the simultaneous snort before in soliloquy. This is serious business. The nose itself is "stunne". The evening meal is "supper". There are many references to "the milk". No one can be a Little Compton over there about food. Only power. Only omnipotence.

"For God so loved the world and it don't

make the Bible Thompson confounded the politicians. In 1962 they actually elected 50 seats. In 1965 it can be made that they held the balance of power in the Pearson minority. Sifton Low deserved the balance of power with 99 seats in 1957 in the Diefenbaker majority stretch. They have public health as fact in their legislation, yet member of the greatest parties of the planet. Born as a result of Western Canadian discontent with rule by Central Canada.

Those still retaining their Andy Valley buttons will recall that the United Farmers Movement collapsed in elect 64 seats for the Progressive party in 1921 and could have been the official Opposition if so inclined. Instead the farm protest movement was devoured into the amalgam of labor and intellectual groups that formed the CCF in Calgary in 1932. Social Credit forming an Alberta government in 1935 under Bible Bill Aberhart, the hot-gospel-giving statesman who was nearly a third attempt at a solution to borrowed constituents underwritten

of a Central-held-by-Ottawa Relation movement that can start at King and Bay. The Alberta is home to the most terrible.

Worshippers who are stuck the terrible Soviet invasion have come to their end under Reznovski. He is a highly educated fool someone who is articulate in eight languages and nonverbal in English. The Soviets have not elected an MP in Western Canada since 1965 and the 11 clowns of the late Red Cosette who made it to the Commons in 1958 have now shrunk to eight. The thought that a paranoid Ukrainian from Winnipeg—whose eyes and longs wail into meanderland, brain at the measure of homosexual aberration or benders—can rescue a rump party emerging now in rural Quebec no more than ever. Bible Bill could not withstand with or without the Supreme Court on his side.

Beyond Reznovski (the fourth leader in less than two years) beneath the hyena, one can hear the death rattle. That party that was born 43 years ago and has had only four seats in the history of Alberta, Joe Stonebacker and Alma Blasenck, has deserted its birthplace and has no reason for existence. These days the intellectuals of the Prairie provinces have their own method of exposing their protest movement against Ottawa. They vote Tory.

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and enjoy.  
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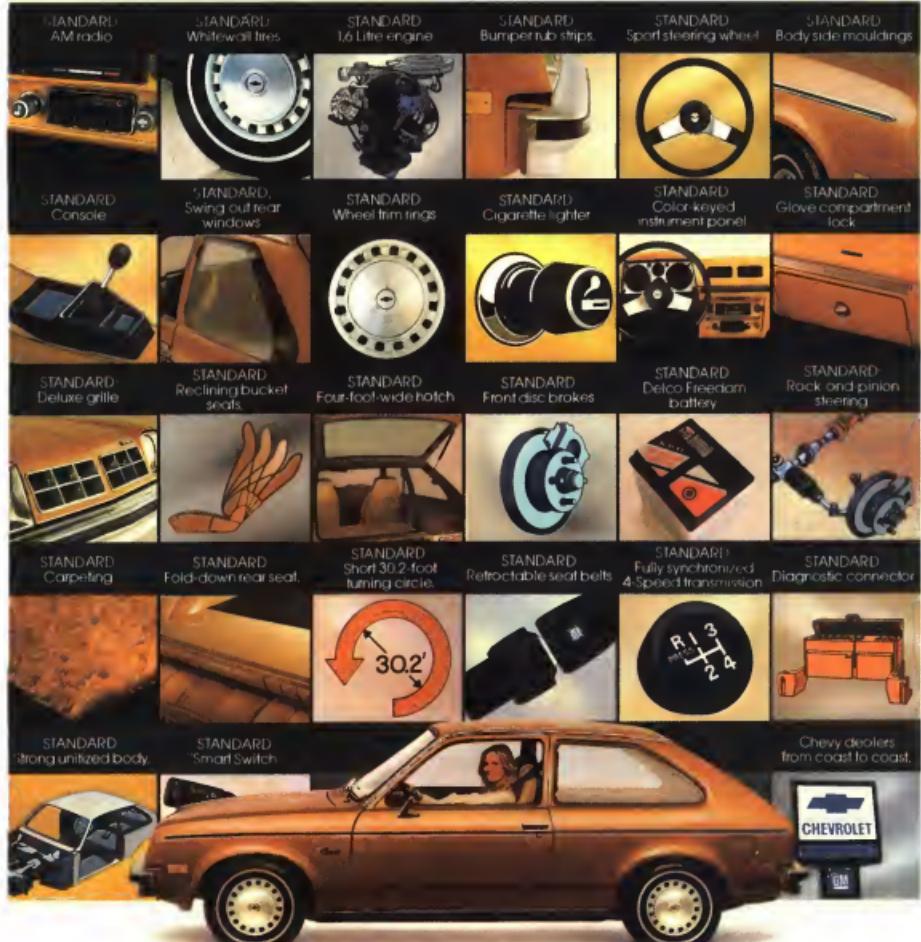
matte.

The Macmillan Po Kettle atmosphere of the gathering, the homophobia, the tolerance, as reflected in the Alberta. Alma Blasenck, who has written *The Road is Memory*, (optioned only \$1) is permanent New leader. Loren Reznovski, a professor of English literature, in an expert—you could have guessed—an Ezra Pound. Ezra is every son of a bitch kind of name. Then the party once headed by Sifton Low. The man who gave the introduction to Alf Hock. Hock, Reznovski learned his Social scripture "at the feet of Alf Hock." When he makes a reference in Ralph Waldo Emerson, he means the Ralph Waldo & such a learned name.

There is the amiable, even touching, everyday of incompetence. At a formal dinner for three party veterans, the joke goes racing. At the dinner breakfast the preacher goes AWOL. A piano player for O Canada can be heard. The party president Ezra Arnold rules the empire from Winona Beach, Ontario. A one producer of Prairie leather with nests, he offers \$50 for it. The puzzled Sound of cousin reappears. The reverberation across the northern Sioux Music Centre?

The face-scarred of an observer with these rural beliefs and myth is that for deer

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